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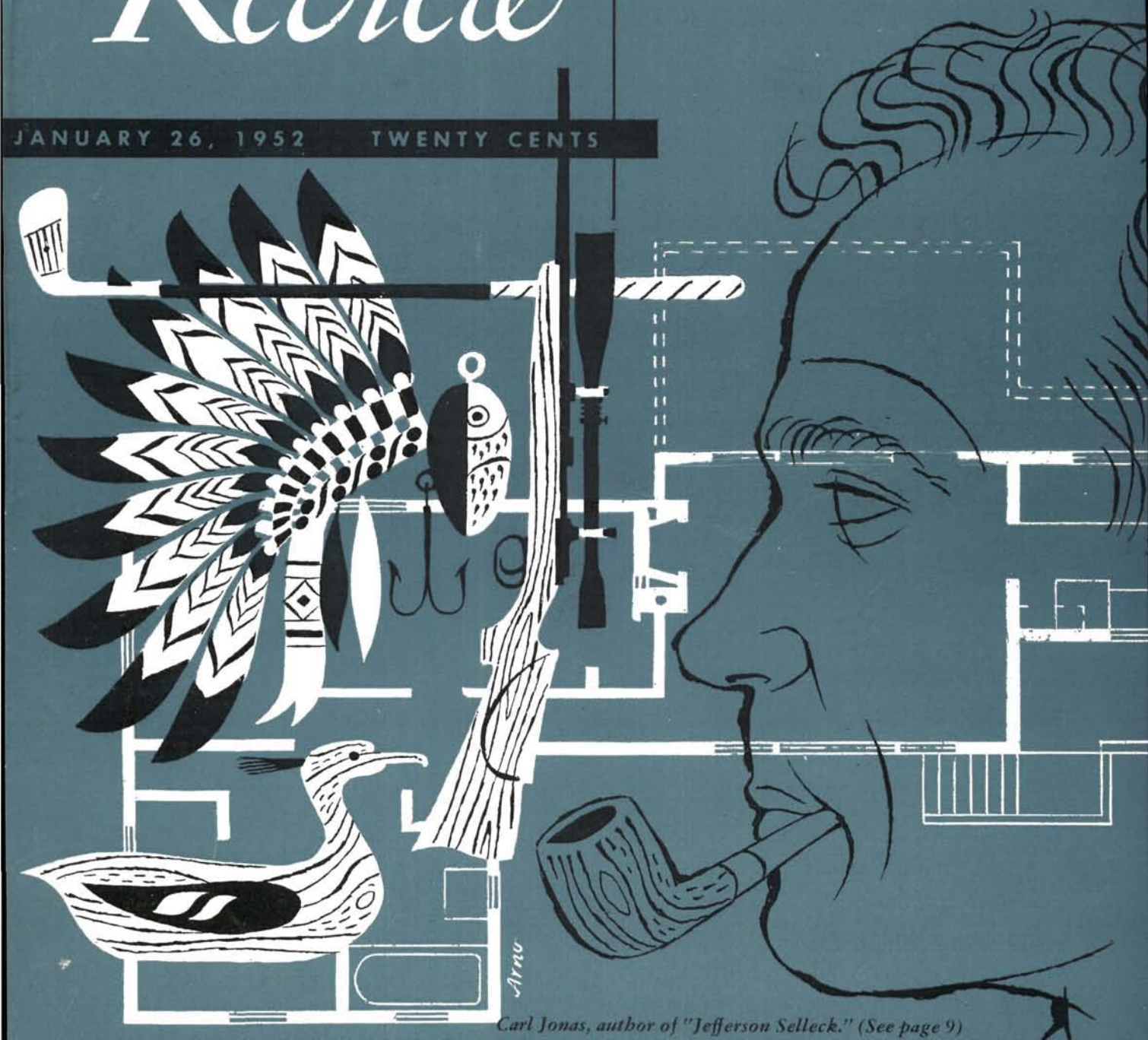
Saturday Review

JANUARY 26, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

The XYZ's of LP

By GODDARD LIEBERSON

(See Recordings, page 37)



Carl Jonas, author of "Jefferson Selleck." (See page 9)

Knowledge: The World's Greatest Resource

A Progress Report on UNESCO

By ALBERT L. PRINCE

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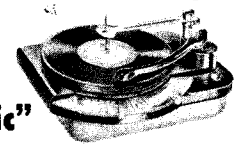

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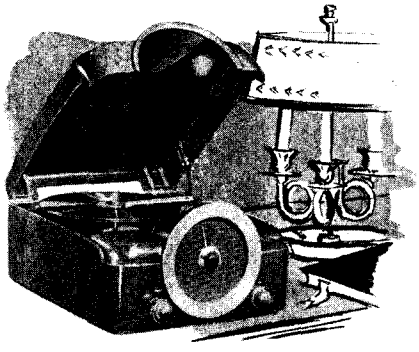

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TRADE Winds

DISARMING IS THE WORD for Part One of Herbert Hoover's "Memoirs" (Macmillan) — disarming, obviously sincere, and spiked with a sly, unexpected sense of humor. The ex-President never underplayed his hand (before he was forty, he admits, he was a multi-millionaire with "an aggregate income which probably exceeded that of any other American engineer"), but until he entered politics, at least, he obviously had no taste whatever for public acclaim. It was the outbreak of World War I, which thrust him into the position of guardian of American strays frantically trying to get home from Europe, that marked a complete turning point in his life. "I did not realize it at the moment," he says, "but on August 3, 1914, my engineering career was over forever. I was on the slippery road of public life."

Eleanor Roosevelt told me one day what the heady wine of public adulation did to a man's ego and way of life. Discussing Vice-President Garner's sudden flight from Washington and split with FDR, Mrs. Roosevelt excused him with, "Somebody wrote that Jack was Presidential timber. A man has to hear those magic words only once and he changes completely overnight. Nothing is ever the same to him again." (Then she added, "And I ought to know!") Herbert Hoover, it seems to me, actually lost stature—and a sense of complete contentment —when he stopped the work for which he had been trained and which he did superlatively well. As far as his memoirs go, it is his early days, when he was striving for the top, that are by far the most interesting. That's true of most autobiographies, don't you think? Once immersed in politics, Mr. Hoover became, outwardly at least, more and more stolid and inscrutable. Instinctively, he shies away from the limelight. When he attends a meeting of the Dutch Treat Club nowadays, for instance, he slips in so unobtrusively that few members are aware that the only living ex-President of the United States is in their midst. A voluble authoress once encountered him on Madison Avenue and engaged him in conversation for ten minutes before she suddenly realized that (1) he was Herbert Hoover and (2) that she never had met him in her life. Mr. Hoover obviously didn't know her from a hole in the ground, and furthermore he was toting an unwieldy box of American Beauty roses, but, unfailingly polite and gracious, he stood bravely by until she nervously broke off the encounter.

ONE DAY AT THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB I was seated with the special guests at the head table. Mr. Hoover's place was directly in front of us. A quartette known as the "Revuers" provided the entertainment. They had won a quick reputation for their witty antics, as well they might, for one of them was Judy Holliday, and two others were Betty Comden and Adolph Green, co-

authors since of a half dozen musical comedy hits. One by one they arose to do their specialties. The audience was convulsed, everybody, that is, but Mr. Hoover, who stared at them with no expression whatever on his face. "I'm going to make him laugh if it's the last thing I do," vowed Judy Holliday, but she and her cohorts finally had to admit failure. Mr. Hoover never smiled once. When the meeting broke up, however, and the performers were slumped dejectedly in their seats, Mr. Hoover promptly came up and declared heartily, "I'd like to shake every one of you young people by the hand. You have the funniest, most original act I've seen in years. I don't remember when I enjoyed a comedy turn more!" The "Revuers," of course, were overcome. Judy whispered, "Talk about your poker faces . . .!"

I PARTICULARLY LIKED MR. HOOVER'S reminiscence of the time he was manager of the Stanford baseball club, and former President Benjamin Harrison tried to get into a game without a ticket. He didn't get by Herbert Hoover! In fact, he ended up by buying another ticket in advance for the next week's game. "That," recalls Mr. Hoover, "was my first contact with a great public man." He acted with similar dispatch and decisiveness when he found himself shepherding hundreds of stranded Americans in London in 1914. One heedless debutante from Lansing, Michigan, went right on collecting a $5,000 trousseau despite the crisis, and since she no longer trusted any foreigners, had

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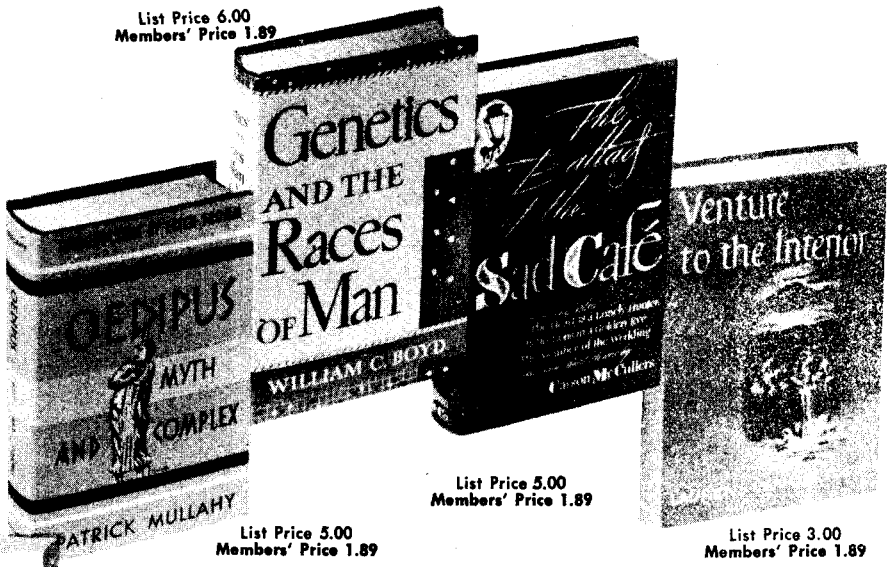

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every parcel delivered in care of the Hoovers at the Savoy Hotel. Just as promptly as a package arrived, the hastily assembled Hoover committee turned it over to some unfortunate whose entire baggage had been lost in the confusion. The debutante's father cabled he would sue for damages. Mr. Hoover invited him by a collect return cable to come and try it.

Another casualty of those hectic August 1914 days was a twelve-year-old American kid who was sent alone to visit his grandparents in Croatia, and when war broke out was stranded, helpless, in Hamburg. By great good fortune, however, he ran into the fully accoutred members of a Wild West show, and promptly attached himself to the troupe. By the time they reached London, the kid was determined that his future lay in show business. His father cabled Mr. Hoover to make sure he was in good hands and bound for home. "Stop worrying," advised Mr. Hoover. "Your boy is headed for America under the excellent charge of Chief White Feather, of Pawhuska, Oklahoma."

READING THE MEMOIRS OF A MAN like Herbert Hoover, or other outstanding figures of our era, one is often surprised to note how commonplace and down-to-earth is the off-the-record conversation of great diplomats. Gone are the flourishes and gaudy metaphors that distinguish their pronouncements in public. A private conversation between Clemenceau and Lloyd George, for instance, was not very different from a discussion of the book business by, say, a sales manager and a visiting buyer. The intimate chit-chat of great authors is scarcely more enlightening. In his uninhibited and engrossing autobiography, William Carlos Williams (whose life story could not possibly contrast more strikingly with the career of Herbert Hoover) gives the following report of the first time Marcel Proust met James Joyce:

Rabid partisans had placed two chairs side by side in the middle of the room. There the two heroes seated themselves, and everybody waited for the wits to sparkle and flash. Joyce said, "I have headaches every day. My eyes are terrible." Proust replied, "With me, it's my poor stomach. What am I going to do? It's killing me. In fact, I must leave at once." "I'm in the same situation," declared Joyce, rising, "if I can find someone to take me by the arm and get me out of here. Goodbye." Proust's exit line was "Charmé. Oh, my stomach, my stomach!"

DR. WILLIAMS (besides being a distinguished writer, this extraordinary man is one of the busiest small-town physicians in New Jersey) gives an illuminating picture of a poetess in his description of an encounter with the then-youthful Hilda Doolittle. She was astounded when Dr. Williams told her he could write best when his desk

was neat with everything in its place. In her case, said H. D., it helped her no end to deliberately splash ink all over her dress. It gave her a feeling of freedom and indifference toward the mere means of writing. While they were talking, a flash thunderstorm broke. Dr. Williams was all for running to cover, but Miss Doolittle plumped right down in the grass and let herself get soaked. "Come, beautiful rain, and welcome," she crooned, holding out her arms. Dr. Williams adds, "And let me tell you it rained plenty. It didn't improve her beauty or my opinion of her—but I had to admire her if that's what she wanted."

HOAGY CARMICHAEL TELLS ABOUT a hunting trip he made with an egomaniac who wouldn't admit that a downpour

of rain could have the slightest effect on his marksmanship. Sloshing homeward in a miniature flood, the intrepid hunter heard the whir of a bird's wings overhead, whipped his gun out of the case, took hasty aim, and fired. The bird sailed on undisturbed toward the murky horizon. The hunter watched it in dazed silence for a moment, then dashed his gun to the ground, and cried out, "Fly on, you blankety blank fool bird! Fly on with your gol-durned heart shot out!"

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 930)

CRESSEY:
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The Saturday Review of Literature

Knowledge: The World's Greatest Resource

A UNESCO Progress Report

ALBERT I. PRINCE

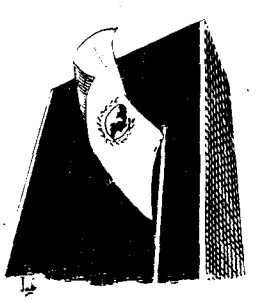
EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this issue appears, some two thousand delegates are gathering in New York City for the opening, on January 27, of the Third National Conference convened by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. At this time, when the affairs of UNESCO are occupying the minds of so many distinguished American scholars and educators, the opportunity seems ripe for an assessment of this important international agency, now in its seventh year of operation. Albert I. Prince, an editorial writer on* The Hartford Times, *reports here on UNESCO's present accomplishments and plans.*

UNESCO never promised to accomplish what some well-wishers expected of it. Today it is blamed for not achieving the impossible. Many people need a target when they deplore the present state of the world, and UNESCO finds itself right in the line of fire merely because it has not created round the globe a firm will for peace.

If today's critic would read the fine print in the UNESCO Constitution he would find that, through his nation's contribution, he was buying, in the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization, an effort to advance "through the educational and scientific and cultural relations of the peoples of the world the objectives of international peace and of the common welfare of mankind." More specifically, its constitution requires it to collaborate in advancing knowledge and understanding through mass communication, to give fresh impulse to popular education, and to maintain, increase, and diffuse knowledge.

That is a splendid program, well worth supporting. But it is a long-range affair, and no one should think for a moment that by putting $8,000,000 or $9,000,000 a year into such an enterprise that we would speedily eliminate thought of war from the mind of man. Looking at UNESCO in proper perspective, one finds a six-year accomplishment more than justifying the moderate expenditure made by UNESCO's member governments. Admittedly, this accomplishment is still on a small scale; but it carries the germ of wide-ranging future results.

One basic, overriding factor prevents UNESCO from making more progress in persuading the peoples of the earth to support a philosophy of peace. There are hundreds of millions to whom UNESCO, because of the barrier of illiteracy, cannot tell its story. Statistics are not available for many countries, but there are some census reports that suggest how tremendous is the task of fundamental education. In Egypt more than 85 per cent of the population is listed as illiterate, and this figure does not take into account the nomadic population. There is no estimate for the blacks of Africa, but it is, in any case, depressingly high. Four countries of North America have percentages of illiteracy ranging from 51 to 72. Brazil, Peru, and Venezuela reported more than 56 per cent illiteracy. For India, one of the few Asian countries to provide statistics, the illiteracy figure reaches 90.9 per cent. These dismal percentages help to measure the task confronting those who see in education and the exchange of ideas the greatest hope for world peace.



"If we want to live in a united world," says Jaime Torres Bodet, Director-General of UNESCO, "we cannot allow this most unjust of all frontiers to go on existing—the frontier that divides those who can read from those who cannot." UNESCO considers the problem of advancing education in the world's underdeveloped regions (it uses the term "fundamental education") to be its major challenge. Now, UNESCO cannot, with its limited budget, attempt to supply this fundamental education on a world-wide scale. But it can organize isolated projects which will serve as guideposts and examples.

In May of last year UNESCO opened its first teacher training center at Patzcuaro, Mexico. Here fifty-two students from nine Latin-American countries are studying under UNESCO auspices to become teachers of fundamental education in their own lands. They will leave Patzcuaro to teach to other teachers the techniques of combatting mass illiteracy. In Patzcuaro, too, are being developed the tools—primers that meet the needs of adults, educational films, mobile libraries—necessary for carrying out the task of fundamental education in Latin America. This is the first of six such centers that UNESCO plans to put in operation. A second will begin work this

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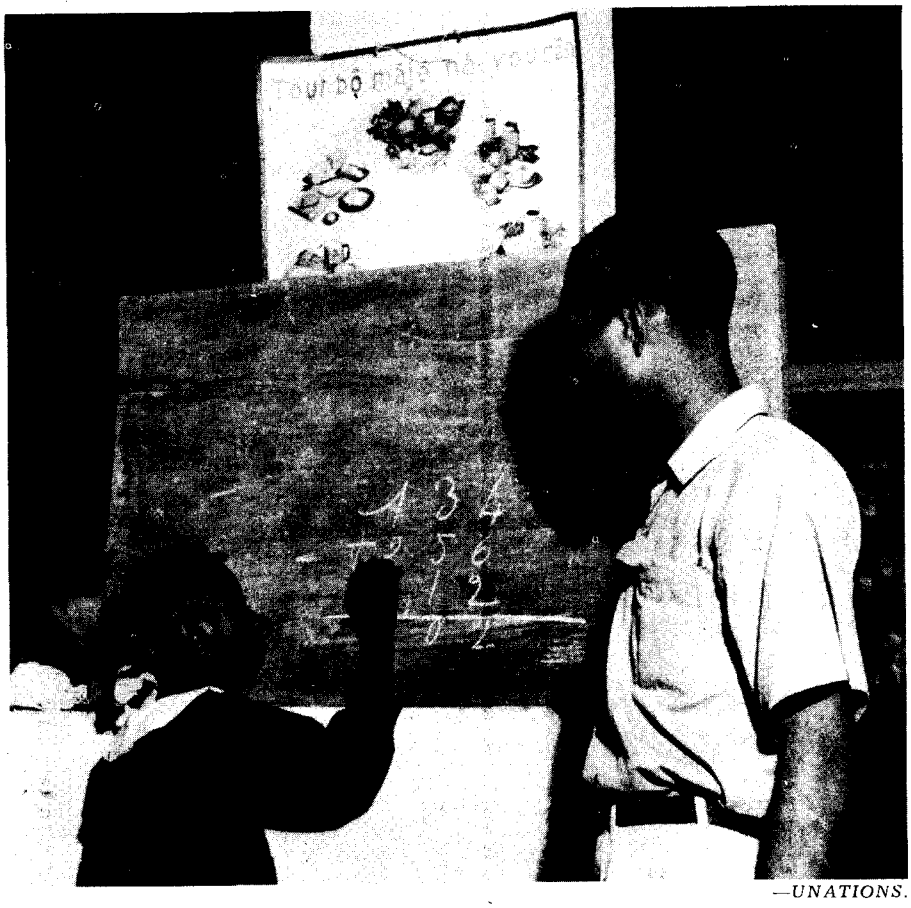
year in Egypt to serve the entire Middle East area. The remaining four will be established in Eastern Asia, Southeast Asia, India, and Equatorial Africa.

Meanwhile, pending the day when these training centers begin to pay dividends, UNESCO is doing all it can to improve the educational systems now in operation. Most of this work is administrated under the U.N. Technical Assistance Program, from the funds of which UNESCO was allocated 14 per cent last year. Liberia offers a good example of the work being done under this program. Last year UNESCO sent Joseph Jablow, anthropologist and professor at Brooklyn College, to Liberia on a mission to help build up the country's school system, particularly in the hinterland. Preliminary studies are now being made preparatory to organizing a series of demonstration schools in Liberian villages. These schools will be for adults as well as children, and there will be a strong emphasis on hygiene and on modern agricultural methods. In addition, UNESCO sent four experts (recruited from Denmark, New Zealand, India, and the Netherlands) to help raise the standard of science teaching in the Liberian College; it also sent a psychologist (David Mayer, of New York University) to aid Liberian educators in developing aptitude tests for pupils.

Liberia is only one of many countries to benefit from UNESCO-directed educational assistance. Thus, F. C. Kalund-Jorgensen, one of the leaders in the movement to make Denmark's secondary schools available to a larger number of students, is now working in Thailand by UNESCO appointment, helping that country to cope with a shortage of 20,000 teachers. In Pakistan experts sent by UNESCO are advising the government on educational broadcasting. In Ecuador a UNESCO expert is assisting in the reorganization of higher education. In Indonesia a UNESCO expert is advising on audio-visual aids to education.

Back in 1947 UNESCO compiled a "Book of Needs" which listed specific projects for rebuilding the education, science, and cultural facilities of many war-devastated countries. Again, UNESCO with its small budget could only shoulder a part of this reconstruction job itself, but by assessing just where help was most needed and in making specific recommendations UNESCO was able to channel effectively funds available from outside sources. Large quantities of scientific equipment and school supplies have been sent to Austria, China, Greece, Italy, Poland, and the Philippines. Many organizations here and in other countries are giving millions for rehabilitation because they have been able to find out through UNESCO where the real need is. This work of reconstruction is by no means complete. UNESCO is expanding its emergency program of education for Arab refugee children from Israel. In Korea the entire educational system must be rebuilt. UNESCO has already dispatched an expert to make recommendations, although actual work awaits the re-establishment of peace.



—UNATIONS.

A UNESCO project—"task of fundamental education."

IF education is primary in UNESCO's present work, it is by no means its only concern. Science and culture also fall within the UNESCO franchise. Perhaps its most arresting project in the area of culture is a 3,000,000-word history of mankind to be written and published under UNESCO auspices. Leading scholars from all nations will cooperate in furnishing raw material for this history, which is to present the subject from a global view, emphasizing no particular culture or country. The work will take five years to complete and will be published in six volumes. Each volume is assigned to one or more historians for the actual writing, but their texts will be based on the work of hundreds of participating scholars. Volume I, which covers the developments of peoples and cultures to about 1200 B.C., is in the hands of Mrs. Jacquette Hawkes, English archeologist, and Dr. Henri Frankfort, director of the Warburg Institute, London. Volume II, on the "Classical Age" (1200 B.C. to 400 A.D.), is to be written by Dr. A. H. M. Jones, professor of classical history, Cambridge University, England. Volume III is entitled "The Asian Age" and covers the period from 400 to 1300 A.D. Dr. René Grousset, director of the Musée Guimet in Paris, will do the writing. For Volume IV, "The European Age" (1300 to 1815), an American writer has been chosen—Dr. Louis Gottschalk, professor of European History at the University of Chicago Volume V, entitled "The Nineteenth Century," is entrusted to a South American scholar, Dr. Jorge Basadre, director of the National Library of Peru. The last volume, "The Twentieth Century," is in the hands of an Asian, Dr. K. Zacharaiah, director of the historical division, Ministry of External Affairs, Republic of India. A ten-man commission headed by Professor Paulo B. Carneiro, permanent delegate of Brazil to UNESCO, will direct the operation. Dr. Ralph E. Turner, professor of history at Yale, is in charge of the editorial committee. From the complete history two-volume and one-volume abridgements will be prepared for college use and general reading.

The UNESCO "Scientific and Cul-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Fiction. *America's view of its businessmen, as Leo Cherne pointed out last week in these pages ("The Writer and the Entrepreneur"), has been shaped in large degree by the works of such novelists as Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passos, and John P. Marquand. This week sees the addition of an important new literary portrait to the businessman's gallery: "Jefferson Selleck," by a young protégé of Marquand named Carl Jonas. Howard Mumford Jones reviews it below. . . . ¶ The horror of the Nazi concentration camp has challenged the talents of scores of writers over the past decade, but few have responded so triumphantly as Erich Remarque in "Spark of Life" (page 10). . . . ¶ Recently we have reviewed books by a pair of relatively new writers of high promise, Frederick Buechner and P. H. Newby. This week we consider the works of two more, Jean Stafford ("The Catherine Wheel," page 11) and Louis Auchincloss ("Sybil," page 12).*

Middle Class, Mid-Western Life

JEFFERSON SELLECK. By Carl Jonas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 303 pp. $3.

By Howard Mumford Jones

MR. JONAS's book is a readable variant on a standard theme, differing from the usual novel of its type by virtue of its machinery and of a certain geniality of heart. The theme concerns the American businessman and his sense, as the years advance, that the bewildering younger generation and the atomic universe lie beyond his grasp as he faces death. Mr. Jonas has managed to achieve some new twists in his fictional strand. Moreover, his businessman is more subtle than Mr. Marquand's defeated Bostonians or than Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt or Dodsworth.

The technical matter first. Mr. Selleck suffers a heart attack. To keep him from worry his friend and doctor suggests he might try casting the story of his life (a typical Mid-Western business career) into narrative form. When Selleck protests he cannot write, Dr. Crocker accepts the suggestion that he dictate to a tape recorder. The transcription of this record, edited by Dr. Crocker, forms the substance of the novel. Since Selleck's dictation, like Mark Twain's "Autobiography," wanders without regard to chronology, in editing the material Dr. Crocker groups like matters together, so that, in place of the monotony of straight-line narration, we have a series of slices of time past cut into varying lengths. This device gives depth; and as Dr. Crocker calls freely, in footnotes, upon other persons for correction or corroboration, Selleck's world takes on richness and population.

The problem of fictional autobiography, if the narrator is supposed to lack literature, is the problem of style; and if Mr. Jonas sometimes strays into letters, for the most part he maintains the even pace of Selleck's narrative in a vocabulary Selleck might use, yet in a style richer than the bare mid-Western colloquial idiom. This achievement seems to me astonishing because it is neither mannered nor factitious, and the success is in the main so complete that few readers will recognize the cunning involved.

The substance of Selleck's middle-class and mediocre life is familiar material. The puzzled Republican businessman not in love with his wife, yet faithful to her, devoted to his daughter, bewildered by a son of artistic impulse, accepting the values of the Rotary luncheon, the country club, and the Coolidge Administration—this sounds trite in my telling. Mr. Jonas's virtue is to remove or hide this triteness by treating Selleck as worth respect as a human soul, however trivial he may be as a human being. He avoids the big bow-wow strain of "Babbitt," just as he avoids the persistent undercutting of "The Late George Apley." By refusing to commit himself to any total method, by his eclecticism, he has been free to vary his approach according to the facet of autobiography immediately before him. Sometimes Selleck is made to betray his own impercipience by the mere flatness of his assertions. Sometimes—and comedy results in such cases—his naiveté becomes the instrument of satire. At other times footnote comments make the point. But at still other moments the author drops all satiric intent. Selleck's pity for others

THE AUTHOR: Any resemblance Carl Jonas's writing bears to that of John P. Marquand is not purely coincidental. They are friends and mutual admirers, and Marquand became something of a confidant and mentor to Jonas during the writing of his second novel, "The Snowslide" (1950), the scene of which is a mountain town like Aspen, Colo., where the Jonases live and the Marquands summer. Of Jonas's third, successful, attempt to hit the literary jack-pot Marquand says, "This is art of a high order." And of Marquand's art Jonas says, "I think he writes about as well as anybody writing today . . . but I don't know if I've been influenced by him, though there is a connection—it's that a great many things strike us the same way. For one thing, I know if I think something is funny I can tell it to him and he will think it is funny too." Humor is one of Jonas's long suits—dry, understated, delightful; modesty, another—a BOMC choice is "something nice to have happen." He is an all-American sort of guy—we use the word advisedly after hearing him described variously as "a very attractive, handsome sort of guy," "great big guy, must be 6' 4"," "rugged and interesting looking guy," "the most normal guy I can think of," and "sort of like the guy next door." He grew up planning to be a doctor—like his father, an eminent Nebraska surgeon—but at Exeter, then Williams ('36) he "started sort of wanting to write." Followed: cub-reporting in Omaha, radio scripting in Chicago —"very valuable experience, as any formula writing is"—debut in *The Satevepost,* with an account of his Coast Guard landing on bloody Tarawa, and first novel, "Beachhead on the Wind" (1946), drafted in the Aleutians. Now he writes on schedule, 8 to 12, 1 to 4, knocking off early for skiing Wednesdays and Saturdays. His workshop was built as the office for the 1950 international ski races—"a nice little hideout on the side of the mountain"—not far from the house he shares with his wife and two dogs. He and the dogs also share an inability to spell. —Eloise Perry Hazard.

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then leads to the extension of pity and sympathy towards himself from the reader.

The chief difficulty of the method is, necessarily, conversation, since the only dialogue in the book is that reported by Selleck. The virtue of the scheme is that, in refusing to confine the hero to chronology, all sorts of moods can be faithfully translated from the tape recorder to the novel.

The world to which Jefferson Selleck looks back with nostalgia is the innocent world of the 1920's. He cannot understand, even in the face of death, that the ever-expanding Coolidge economy was not a divine fact, just as he cannot understand why, when he has lived through two world wars, he must face the possibility of a third. America won, didn't it? In more irascible moments Selleck blames the Democrats and the devil, but he has graver hours and more penetrating doubts.

"Jefferson Selleck" seems to me an admirable fictional picture of mid-Western folkways—the folkways of the same group that "Appointment in Samarra" made cruel and inhuman. The book lacks the burlesque of Lewis, it lacks the opportunism of Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil," it lacks the bitterness of radical attack, and it lacks the supercilious intellectualist approach. But it is warm, human, enjoyable. Without being profound and without being philosophical, it is a just picture of a characteristic American life. If a good many elements seem conventional—the son, the daughter, the wife, the faithful-unto-the-verge-of-bankruptcy secretary, the furtive sex, there is genuine individuality in the title figure and genuine humor in the tale. Unlike novels of loftier pretensions, "Jefferson Selleck" is at once intelligently put together and readable.

Aspens

By Ethel Jacobson

A thousand little wind bells
Swing against the sky,
Tinkling in the least breeze
That hop-skips by.
Jade and sage and silver,
Like a thousand fish
They flicker in the sunlight
And give their tails a swish.

A breath from brooding snow peaks
Saunters down the draw
With small secret stirrings
Like field mice in the straw,
Making crystal music
That never quite stills
Where aspens hang their wind bells
About the whispering hills.

Man's Hope for Survival

SPARK OF LIFE. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by James Stern. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 365 pp. $3.75.

By Robert Pick

"TO the unprejudiced observer," Hannah Arendt says about the pictures of German concentration camps shown after the war, "these films are about as convincing as snapshots of mysterious substances taken at spiritual séances." No reportage can possibly convey the "atmosphere of insanity and unreality" which permeated those places of abomination. Remarque, then, in embarking on this concentration camp novel, set himself a task of truly Dostoevskian proportions.

Its story is told mainly from inside the mind of a man so utterly crushed that his very name seems to be lost to his consciousness. After ten solid years behind the barbed wire of Mellern, "509" is an inmate of one of those set-apart barracks where men are dumped to die of malnutrition, dysentery, or gangrene, unless some brutishly subtle torture or a guard's marksmanship cuts short that process. "Mellern" is not an extermination camp. Any story set against the background of, say, Auschwitz would be drowned out by something like the outcry of Joseph Conrad's Mr. Kurtz: "The horror! the horror!" There would not be a single ray of hope. And though the present book contains many passages so gruesome that to say it is not for the squeamish surely does not fully do justice to them, its theme is man's hope, not his perdition.

To be sure, the time is the spring of 1945; and the trickle of war news reaching the prisoners feeds 509's hope for survival. In step with its reawakening, his former identity gradually returns to him: it seems he once has been a liberal newspaperman, and apparently also an individualist. Now his growing courage molds him into becoming the leader, as indeed the soul, of the pitiful crew of "skeletons," and lifts his feelings to the level of true human comradeship.

The group formation phenomenon in concentration camps has been widely discussed among sociologists. Remarque has discarded most of that complex material and its political aspects. The organization of the Communist prisoners appears, rather illusorily, only late in his narrative; and equally shadowy are his descriptions of the group undercurrents among the *kapo* aristocracy, the common criminals, and the "veterans." But these limitations only serve to throw his ultimate theme—the indestructibility of the human spirit—back onto the novelist's proper plane.

Erich Maria Remarque—"great power."

Prisoner 509 is killed on the eve of liberation. Does he sacrifice himself for the group? His final action saves many lives; yet that alone is not what his death is meant to signify.

The frenzied S. S. men decide to have a last fling at their victims; and 509, who has come into the possession of a revolver, instantly feels he must outlive their headman, his old foe—"as though the validity of everything he had always believed in, and fought and suffered for, depended upon that ember of life behind his forehead smoldering longer than the ember of life behind the forehead in front of him. . . ." 509's following thoughts take recourse to such often-used words as "evil incarnate," "the anti-Christ," or "the mortal sin against the spirit."

Such commonplaces mar, I submit, the great power of Remarque's latest novel. Also, its Nazi characters are conventional on the whole, and the ideological dialogues throughout do not rise above generalities. It is the cumulative effect of the book's many unforgettable scenes which makes it, for all its failings, a noble achievement.

Robert Pick, a native of Austria, is the author of "Guests of Don Lorenzo," "The Terhoven File," and other novels. He has translated a number of German works into English.

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Tragedy of Isolation

THE CATHERINE WHEEL. By Jean Stafford. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 281 pp. $3.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

IT IS AN odd survival that the fiery pin-wheel, exciting childish wonder and delight, recalls the martyrdom of St. Catherine on the wheel of torture seventeen hundred years ago. In her superbly controlled novel Miss Stafford has shown a modern martyrdom; her story discloses the secret torture of two persons, a child and a woman, both caught in a tragic circumstance during a tranquil summer on the coast of Maine.

"The Catherine Wheel" is a varicolored novel, full of sunlight and shadow, of tide flats and rose gardens. Through it runs the loveliness of summer; but just beneath, like the sharp rock under the lacy surf, lies the passionate and tragic dilemma of Katharine Congreve, mistress of the great house above the river mouth. Closely linked with her is the lost boy, Andrew Shipley, very boyish in his scorns and his despairs and mysteriously clairvoyant in his fears. Here is tragedy without a villain, except the villain of human nature. In the flawless weeks of summer there is a silent understanding, and a growing misunderstanding, between the lost and frantic boy and the doomed, beautiful woman. Katharine Congreve thinks she reads her nephew's mind, and Andrew thinks that she must hear the voice inside his head—the voice which utters his primitive violence and which she believes utters his guilty knowledge of her love for his father.

Andrew and his twin sister are summering with their aunt while their parents are abroad. At the season's end Katharine Congreve is to face the only man she has ever loved, who is ready to sacrifice his family for the woman he might have married twenty years before. Slowly the summer passes in the great house and in the village brimming with gossip and esoterica. There are some grotesques among the minor figures, but the novel's central people are deeply, touchingly human. The story moves steadily inward, from the summer lawns and the tidal river to the woman's sleepless nights and the boy's beating against the bars of his empty and frantic life.

The end of summer must bring together Katharine Congreve and John Shipley, and what will happen then? A lesser novelist would need to confront them with each other, but Miss Stafford achieves a greater drama by keeping them apart—separateness is the fate of these people. Inevitable is a strong word and one too easily applied in fiction. But no smaller word can describe the ineluctable turning of the wheel of summer and the unhurried movement toward the boy's terror and his aunt's martyrdom.

The village in this novel is named Hawthorne, but even without that reminder it is clear that Miss Stafford is concerned with the identical plight that Nathaniel Hawthorne pondered in his stories—the tragedy of human isolation, the devious, painful, perilous struggle for harmony and understanding. "The Catherine Wheel" is a novel of great restraint and of great beauty.

—*Arni.*

Jean Stafford—"superbly controlled."

Kathrine Talbot—"intuitive brilliance."

Emotional Agony

FIRE IN THE SUN. By Kathrine Talbot. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's. 247 pp. $3.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

IN THIS haunting and almost fragmentary novel, concerning a few weeks in the lives of a handful of contemporary members of the London artistic world, Kathrine Talbot has achieved an extraordinary communication of emotional intensity. Veronica Demeade has learned to accept a life in the shadow of her brother Everett. Two years her senior, startlingly like her in beauty, a poet already moving in a legend of brilliance and magnetism, Everett has shared and dominated her emotional and mental existence. The sudden necessity of adjusting herself to his marriage to a beautiful heiress has sent her on an impulsive holiday to an unfamiliar Cornish fishing village, and here she meets and falls in love with a brilliant young painter, Robert Avery.

The first weeks of their mutual love are happy and golden. Robert takes Veronica to visit Hilary Duncan, a fabulous host and patron of the arts whose fascinating house, Trevartha, is near-by. Hilary declares himself ready to back the publication of her poems; his oddly assorted guests are delighted with the young lovers and interest themselves variously with Veronica's happiness. In this atmosphere and warmth the tentative, insecure Veronica blossoms into confidence. For the first time she stands in the full sunshine of life.

When the honeymooners return, and Veronica goes up to London to meet them and attend to some necessary business, the bright sun of her brother's magnetism, so carelessly cast on all who approach him, snuffs out her tiny individual flame. Her brief happiness begins to crumble as Robert, drawn irresistibly into Everett's dazzling orbit, hastens the inevitable tragedy to which brother and sister are doomed.

If her climax seems somewhat too melodramatic, it is the author's only failure. Extraordinary taste and delicacy enable her to handle without offense a subject which is still uncomfortable and distressing to most readers; the emotional and spiritual agony are there, but declared with such economy and sincerity that the inherent tragedy of the situation may be accepted without conscious interpretation of the Freudian symbols which crowd the pages.

It is, however, chiefly the portrait of

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Veronica in her brief halcyon holiday which is memorable, and an earnest of what we may hope for in the future from this novelist. Her expertly realized description of a sensitive, gifted, and highly emotional young woman as she reacts to the external world, to people, and to her own sensations shimmers with intuitive brilliance.

Society Heroine

SYBIL. By Louis Auchincloss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 284 pp. $3.

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

AT twenty-one, Sybil Rodman was pathetic, if not lovable; like many shy, intensely self-centered young people, she hated a world to which she could not contribute. She thoroughly disapproved of her parents and dissected them without mercy. Her relatives naturally distressed her, but it did not occur to her to refuse the gifts of a wealthy and generous aunt. If it had not been for the mistaken kindnesses of this Aunt Jo, Sybil might have saved her soul by the simple expedient of going to work—after all girls with fashionable society backgrounds have prided themselves on getting "jobs" lo, these many years. Sybil read books, a distressing habit unfortunately often associated with girls who fail to make the grade with boys, but she never experimented with earning her own living.

Instead she married a wealthy young bachelor, a lawyer considered to be the catch of the season. Sybil accomplished this feat by means so devious that readers are likely to be as mystified as were the members of the bride's social set. Philip Hilliard, we're told, was attracted to Sybil because he sensed her devotion to him, but although "the shell over her emotion" of which he speaks may have been cracked, it was not dislodged. Sybil continued to be moody and difficult.

It is significant that she had only one attendant—the fiancée of her brother—when she married; Philip had fourteen ushers. No one will be too surprised to learn that eventually Philip began an affair with one of the girls who had confidently expected to marry him. Julia rather primitively argued that Sybil had taken Philip away from her and in the interests of justice she meant to take Philip away from Sybil. Expertly handled, Philip agreed to ask for a divorce, a request his wife immediately and amiably granted.

Public opinion and both families ral-

(*Continued on page 31*)

The British Past.

Nearly all the volumes reviewed below deal with English life since the severance of our political ties. In a variety of ways these books about Britain's past are also about America's past. The exploits of the nineteenth-century English highwaymen that Patrick Pringle so absorbingly relates in "Stand and Deliver" (page 13) now belong to our own literature; the dramatic trials recounted in E. W. Fordham's "Notable Cross-Examinations" and Edgar Lustgarten's "Defender's Triumph" (page 15) have become a part of the fabric of our legal tradition; the precept and example of the figures in Samuel Shellabarger's "Lord Chesterfield and His World" (page 14) are still sedulously followed by our own young men on the make. Although Americans turned their backs on monarchy, they continue to be fascinated by the institution. Hector Bolitho gives some notion as to why it flourishes in England in "A Century of British Monarchy" (below).

The Influence of the King

A CENTURY OF BRITISH MONARCHY. By Hector Bolitho. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 274 pp. $6.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

AS I READ Mr. Bolitho's very readable, if rather haphazard, series of selected letters, brief essays of his own, unfortunate excursions into fancy where he challenges comparison with Laurence Housman, I was struck by one fact which he does not sufficiently emphasize. His book covers the century started by the Prince Consort's Great Exhibition and ended last year. It is a period in which, in spite of the setback caused by Victoria's seclusion for many years after Albert's death in 1861, the monarchy in England has increased in popularity and in usefulness. It would take too long to discuss all the reasons for this growth, so surprisingly in contrast to the fate of all European monarchies except those based on the English pattern. But one cause is insufficiently appreciated. During this last century the throne in England gained its freedom just as truly as did millions of its newly-enfranchised subjects. After the departure of the Stuarts the throne was really in subjection to the great families which had got rid of James II and who fought so bitterly against all attempts to reinstate the Stuarts. This dominance of the great houses over the Crown effectually prevented any contact between the sovereign and any but a minute fraction of the people. The monarch, when he had the character, had power; but it was held on sufferance. Of course royal power, even some royal privileges, have been curtailed since 1851: but only so, in our age of revolutionary change, could the monarch's influence be increased and strengthened. By the complete removal of the Crown from party politics, the king has been able to influence his people in a way that was not possible when he reigned by sufferance of the great houses, Whig or Tory.

It was not an easy transition. In its accomplishment three men influenced Victoria—Lord Melbourne, Benjamin Disraeli, and her husband, Prince Albert. Melbourne is out of the picture when Mr. Bolitho's century begins; his treatment of Disraeli is patronizing and inadequate; but Albert is allowed to speak in his own words in the first part of the book. Once more he appears as a man of exceptional character, great sense, and of far better taste than is commonly supposed. His great fault was his severity to his eldest son, and a belief that character can be

R. Ellis Roberts at one time was literary editor of The New Statesman *and* Time and Tide *of London.*

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—From "Stand and Deliver."

"The Ladies Bid Maclaine Farewell"—"all these old-timers needed was the automobile."

altered by parental authority. Only slowly and grudgingly did the great lords recognize his ability and his selfless devotion to the country of his adoption. Almost his last act was to modify an arrogant letter of Palmerston's to Washington on the boarding of the *Trent* by American authorities and the removal of two ambassadors sent by the Confederate States. It is thus almost certainly due to Albert that Britain did not become involved in the War between the States.

After the unsatisfactory section on Victoria and Disraeli Mr. Bolitho has a chapter on Edward VII, written by an imaginary assistant secretary. It is disappointingly discreet; but probably that was inevitable in anything written about a man who died in this century. Still, considering the publicity given to it by Laurence Housman, it is a pity Mr. Bolitho makes no reference to the legend that, through his father, Edward had Jewish blood. The rest of the book is devoted to "straight" discussion of George V and Queen Mary, Edward VIII and George VI. Mr. Bolitho says in his preface that his book "is an attempt to reveal the character of each of the sovereigns." It is, of course, an impossible task for a biographer who is so determined as Mr. Bolitho to hurt no one's feelings. It is surprising how much success he has, not only with Victoria, where the sources are copious and public, but with George V and George VI. Any one who is not prepared to violate the English code by which even a king is entitled to a private life must fail in "an attempt to reveal the character" of the Duke of Windsor; and Mr. Bolitho makes no effort to do so. There are, however, certain facts known which he might have mentioned. It is known, for instance, that before the Prince paid his first visit to this country, his parents assured one of the gentlemen accompanying him that "if David found a suitable wife in America, they would be delighted." Again, as the Duke of Windsor has seen fit to publish his own story of his life up to his abdication, it is a pity that subsequent books should not at least discuss the caricature there given of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Perhaps, however, nothing can be written profitably until it is possible to discuss the psychology of the man himself—this Mr. Bolitho touches on, though lightly—the luckless antagonism between him and his father, his taste for idle, raffish society, and his apparent content, strange in a man of his age and training, in finding personal fulfilment in a way which could only mean the abandonment of his public obligations.

Yet, as one reaches the reign of George VI and his consort, one is inclined to think that possibly Edward VIII served his country well by his desertion of his post. It is hard to see how any head of a nation in trouble, in near disaster, in prolonged crisis could have done better than King George VI. Simply because his work was more diffused, less exciting though no less exigent, the King's job during the war was as hard as that of any general, as hard as Mr. Churchill's or Mr. Roosevelt's. There is no evidence that he or Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary ever flagged or faltered through the time when England took it alone. He has always been England, Britain, the Commonwealth.

Menaces of the Past

STAND AND DELIVER: The Story of the Highwaymen. By Patrick Pringle. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 287 pp. $3.75.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

WHATEVER England may think of our Willie Suttons and Dillingers and Machine-Gun Kellys, she binds to her heart with hoops of steel her own Dick Turpins and Moll Cutpurses and Sixteen String Jacks. The reason is, of course, that these worthies are not contemporary menaces. They lived and throve, in a manner of speaking, long enough ago to have acquired the patina of romance.

And that is the way they are usually presented. Harrison Ainsworth set off the process early in the nineteenth century with his fictional idealizations of Turpin and Jack Sheppard. It paid off. Actually the affiliation between letters and larceny is of long standing. The British bad man of the road has provided copy for Shakespeare, Jonson, Defoe, Fielding, Johnson, Walpole, Dickens, Thackeray, Borrow, Macaulay, and Tennyson. And Alexander Pope was once the victim of a stick-up.

Mr. Pringle is no romantic reconstructionist. He has other ideas, and he carries them out competently and agreeably. He is, rather, the amiable realist. His approach is sympathetic, which does not mean that he coddles his subjects. He views them as people—misguided, vicious, stupid, exhibitionistic, as the case may be. Only his love for the family that would survive him drove William Spiggot, "a very ordinary highwayman," to submit to the ordeal of "the press," an instrument of torture whose operation Mr. Pringle describes in grisly detail.

Much pertinent legal history is brought into focus in these engaging chronicles. A highwayman, for instance, could not claim "benefit of clergy," a widely misunderstood phrase which actually means merely the literacy test. The passage usually chosen for the test was the first verse of the Fifty-first Psalm, which got to be known as the "neck verse." But the robber was not eligible to compete in this contest in which the prize was life—not even the educated robber. There were some.

The more crime changes, the more it remains the same thing. In 1751, just two hundred years before the appearance of Estes Kefauver's "Crime in America," Henry Fielding submitted his own Kefauver Report: "An Enquiry into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robberies, with Some Pro-

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posals for Remedying the Growing Evil." Dick Turpin was a hijacker—he stuck up, among others, smugglers. There was an Essex Gang in Epping Forest two centuries before there was a Purple Gang in Detroit. All that these old-timers needed was the automobile.

Mr. Pringle writes with grace and wit, and out of a vast knowledge of his subject based on an intensive research which he obviously enjoyed tremendously. It is perhaps not essential to one's well-roundedness to read a book on the English highwayman, but if one does regard such a facet of knowledge as compulsory, this book is the place to get it—and the educational process will be found to be pleasantly painless.

Skeptic & Epicurean

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND HIS WORLD. By Samuel Shellabarger. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 456 *pp.* $5.

By Robert Halsband

TODAY the name of Chesterfield has left a curious residue in the public mind: a velvet-collared overcoat, a cigarette; or, to a narrower audience familiar with textbooks, he is (in Dr. Johnson's phrase) the man whose letters teach the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing master. Was he really a papier-mâché character, as a contemporary bluestocking called him? And the graybeard corrupter of youth, as Cowper wrote?—though it would be difficult to visualize the short, suave earl sporting a beard.

In his own day Chesterfield was a public figure of substance. As a diplomatist he served twice in Holland and threaded his way through courtly labyrinths to win brilliant success. In his political career he led the Opposition against Sir Robert Walpole, but without winning in spite of his redoubtable gifts. As a statesman he served a short, rosy term as lord lieutenant of the Irish—whom he henceforth called his countrymen!—and an ignominious service as a secretary of state before he retired to old age, gardening, and deafness. For these honors he might have expected to be remembered, but the greatest monument to him is a private labor of love, the letters to his son.

The letters chart the outlines of his world in its most significant moral and ethical principles. His world was not the only one of eighteenth-century England, for there were kinds of emotion and varieties of experience which he was unwilling or unable to feel. His principles were, in general, those of the upper-class sensibility of his day. If looked at freshly they are not so immoral or corrupting as many critics have found. They are perfectly right—which is to say, moral—when seen as arising from his outlook on the courts and embassies where he hoped his "Dear Boy" would shine. Since his world was devoid of supernatural revelation man's actions must be guided by pragmatic considerations. "Whoever knows virtue must love it," he says. Virtue has no abstract system to be publicly affirmed (and privately violated); it was the art of pleasing, and that most social of the arts arises, he says, from good sense and good nature. In his system the rule of morality and justice is the Golden one; "To do as you would be done by," are his own words.

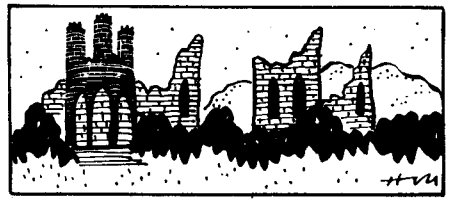
The Chesterfieldian attitude, we might assume, is as outmoded today as the diamond shoebuckles he sent his son. But, without being frivolous, to see many of its features we do not have to look farther than a recent best seller, "How to Win Friends and Influence People." To get ahead, this modern manual tells us, you must bend every effort to please those around you, particularly if they control the road to advancement. The added virtue of Chesterfield's manual is that he sees his society with a clear eye free of cant, with the ruthless honesty of La Rochefoucauld, whom he so fervently admired.

The letters are the most important concern of Mr. Shellabarger's book, for besides treating them in a brief epilogue he refers to them constantly throughout. But the world which he re-creates is not only one of ideas and principles but of people and places; these he presents with his rich gifts of a historical novelist. Background and minor characters are deftly inserted to keep pace with Chesterfield's progress through life, which ended (as any biography of him must) with the words murmured to the servant announcing a visitor, "Get Dayrolles a chair." And what happened to the booby son on whom he lavished so much affectionate advice? "The Ordeal of Philip Stanhope" is the title with which Mr. Shellabarger neatly rounds out the story of the letters, which succeeded in everything except their purpose.

Through the complex political and social history of the period Mr. Shellabarger works his way with amplitude and accuracy, assisted by an urbane style and a wide culture. He differs from the average literary scholar in one respect, a potentially dangerous one. He not only refuses to enroll himself on the side of his protagonist, but refuses as well to defend him by pleading that he must be judged by the laws of his own time and place. For the quality which he finds lacking in Chesterfield is one beyond time and place, a religious or at least a spiritual awareness. To point up the shallowness of the earl's skepticism and epicureanism he intrudes into the narrative John Wesley and the religious revival of the time. The effect of such a bias, even on a reader who does not share it, is to add depth to the portrait. The perspective is altered, of course, but the drawing is still accurate.

Mr. Shellabarger displays a pitying, sometimes condescending, tolerance for his subject, who—as far as we can judge—never enjoyed a sense of spiritual fulfilment. The smile of a Chesterfield can be one of life's greatest tragedies, he states. To reinforce that point of view he chooses as a frontispiece the Gainsborough portrait of the earl as an old man, his toothless mouth behind narrow pursed lips, his eyes wide and empty. What would the effect be if, instead, we were shown the Hoare portrait, now in the National Gallery, which reveals a younger earl, with shining eyes and smooth full lips, resplendent with hope, wit, and grace?

Here then is a biography which is conspicuous for its soundness, art, and readability. Yet it had to wait fifteen years to appear here! The annals of publishing are spotted with examples of undeserved rejections that ultimately paid off. This biography, although a few hundred copies were imported from England after its original publication, has only now achieved full-dress appearance in America. It is not too late—or too soon, for that matter—for "Lord Chesterfield and His World."



Robert Halsband is assistant professor of English at Hunter College. Dr. Halsband discovered and edited Lady Mary Montagu's "Nonsense of Common-Sense, 1737-1738."

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Examples of Criminal Justice

NOTABLE CROSS-EXAMINATIONS. Collected and annotated by E. W. Fordham. New York: The Macmillan Co. 202 pp. $2.50.

DEFENDER'S TRIUMPH. By Edgar Lustgarten. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 239 pp. $2.75.

By Richard B. Morris

SO dreaded is the ordeal of cross-examination in the popular conception that most of us in anticipation of the prospect would, like Mr. Winkle after his encounter with Sergeant Buzfuz, rush with delirious haste to The George and Vulture and order something a good deal more potent than Seven-Up.

Despite the best intentions of the editor to the contrary, a reading of Mr. Fordham's compilation would serve to puncture a myth sedulously cultivated by trial practitioners and their publicists, especially since Wellman's classic account of the art of cross-examination. The fact is that trials seldom turn on a single dramatic moment of testimony. The impact of the openings and summations, the general impression made by the witnesses, the judge's rulings and his charge, and the incalculable prejudices of the jurors, all contribute to the verdict. Much of this cannot be conveyed by the cold printed record. Furthermore, this book bears out an impression gathered by the reviewer in the study of numerous trials that even the most brilliant cross-examiners accomplish their best results with palpable perjurers or mendacious morons. A Whistler or a Gilbert were more than a match for their inquisitors.

Every anthologist has a right to be rather arbitrary about his selections, but American attorneys may feel that in selecting merely one instance of a notable American cross-examination, the circus performance between Darrow and Bryan at the Scopes trial, as against nineteen British illustrations, Mr. Fordham has overlooked some very good copy. Perhaps our criminal bar has deteriorated but not quite that badly. The editor has also seen fit to include two selections which are not properly cross-examinations at all. The exchange between Charles I and the Parliamentary Court which tried him is a running argument on legal issues rather than the verification of a previous examination on the facts. The excerpt illustrating the bullying tactics of Jeffreys involved the browbeating of a reluctant witness for the state while he was testifying on direct. Instead of these, the collection might have been enriched by the inclusion of the cross-examination by Attorney-General Sir Alexander James Cockburn in the William Palmer Case and Sir Rufus Isaac's masterly handling of the poisoner Frederick Henry Seddons, perhaps the two most exciting examples of the art in British trial history.

The editor has introduced his selections with rather dry, matter-of-fact notes, but occasionally a ray of humor manages to pierce the thicket.

* * *

MR. LUSTGARTEN's book plays the spotlight on the defenders rather than the prisoners. Mr. Lustgarten, who gives us murder in the best tradition of Pearson and Roughead, has been most judicious in his emphasis, for the four defendants are not intrinsically interesting people. Two are women. One of them, Adelaide Bartlett, had to stand trial for murdering her spouse by administering chloroform; the other, Elvira Barney, was accused of killing her lover in a quarrel. The two males are definitely below par. Although Robert Wood, a white-collar worker, was very different in background from Tony Mancini, a convicted thief, they had one thing in common. Both were suspected of having killed harlots.

Against all four the cards were perilously stacked. In each case the accused by their dim-witted antics set up good prima facie cases against themselves. The suspicious and incriminating actions could have been reasonably construed as consciousness of guilt. But they were smart enough to pick counsel who managed to raise a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jurors. In each case the Scotch verdict of "not proven" might well have been more appropriate than "not guilty," and, as a matter of fact, such was the finding of the jury in one of the four cases.

The drab and sordid atmosphere of the crimes is redeemed for us by the brilliant barristers engaged in fighting for the lives of their clients. The author's pen portraits are superbly finished. Edward Clarke, a Victorian period piece, whose eloquence proved irresistible to juries; Marshall Hall, the passionate feudist, who became a legend in his own lifetime; Patrick Hastings, the cool, self-contained sophisticate and master of the art of underplaying; and, lastly, the tenacious and persuasive Norman Birkett with his scorn of pyrotechnics—four great criminal barristers whose trial wizardry has seldom been matched in Anglo-American legal history.

—*Douglas Glass.*

Edgar Lustgarten—"most judicious."

The author's narration has pace and atmosphere; his tension is not contrived; his psychological insights have depth and persuasiveness. The reader will come to the end of this absorbing volume with a feeling of immense relief that he is not the Reverend Dyson facing the deft cross-examination of Clarke or the medical expert, Dr. Lynch, trapped on the stand by Birkett's cunning. And he should be thankful that he is not standing in the boots of any of the four defendants, for Mr. Lustgarten, despite his admiration for the skilful parrying and thrust which characterize the judicial duel, concedes that innocence is not enough. Had these four prisoners not been shielded by top-notch defenders there is every likelihood that all would have been convicted. But if an innocent person caught in the web of circumstantial evidence requires a million-dollar defense staff to get him off, something is seriously wrong with Anglo-American criminal justice.

Apart from their entertainment rating, these four cases demonstrate that the machinery of the law is not infallible, that a bullying judge or a hostile jury can make hash out of the best laid plans of the defense. With a kind of understatement rare in the literature of crime this book proves the need for drastic reforms in criminal trial procedure if the innocent are to be shielded and the guilty punished.

Richard B. Morris, professor of history at Columbia University, is preparing a volume on famous American trials.

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For the Empire

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Volume IV: 1901-1903. By Julian Amery. New York: The Macmillan Co. 533 pp. $4.50.

By WALTER P. HALL

OFFICIAL biographies of famous Victorians are proverbially of great length, and this slowly progressing life of Joseph Chamberlain promises to be the longest of all. True, when completed it will have but five volumes as opposed to six for Monypenny and Buckle's Disraeli; but in actual wordage Mr. Garvin and Mr. Amery will walk off with the blue ribbon.

The first three volumes of this biography were completed by J. L. Garvin between 1915 and 1934, carrying Chamberlain's career to 1900. Owing to his editorship of the *London Observer* Mr. Garvin resigned the commission given him by the Chamberlain trustees who entrusted it to the present author.

Volume IV is concerned with Chamberlain's career during the narrow compass of three years, 1901-1903; and in it Mr. Amery traces his hero's activities through the settlement of the Boer War, the abortive proposals for an alliance with Germany, the colonial conference of 1902, and the background of Chamberlain's last fight, that for imperial preference and a protective tariff.

Mr. Amery is to be congratulated on the fulness of his treatment, his sense of perspective, and his relative impartiality. That he is somewhat overkind in his judgments is to be expected, but that does not mar the excellence of this book since it is amply documented with exhaustive quotations from Chamberlain's letters and speeches, and an intelligent reader may draw his own conclusions.

Joe Chamberlain was a hard-bitten, free-spoken man. As one of his contemporaries put it, "he moves with the force of a steam puncher, punching rivets." Devoid of subtlety, an indomitable fighter, he continued in the twentieth century to run true to type, the man of business in politics. As Mr. Amery states, "it was not for nothing that, in an age where every successful brewer bought an estate and passed as a country gentleman, Chamberlain still preferred to make his home in a Birmingham suburb."

The book opens with the Boer War still to be won. Until it was concluded, according to our author, "Chamberlain was courteous, kindly, and immovable." The middle adjective is questionable. Surely a kindly man would have resented the mobbing of Lloyd George in Birmingham. Not so Chamberlain. Again, the war might have ended a year earlier had Chamberlain approved an amnesty for the Cape rebels which Kitchener favored.

This is not to imply that Chamberlain was vicious or cruel. At times his South African policy was more lenient than that of Britain's proconsul, Milner, who urged suspending the constitution of the Cape Colony, an act of unwisdom to which Chamberlain would not agree. The latter lacked neither intelligence nor courage. It took courage to tour South Africa immediately after the war, and his long journey there did help to allay the bitterness that followed in the wake of conflict. But to write as Mr. Amery does that "within a fortnight Chamberlain had transformed the whole political climate of South Africa" is an exaggeration. How could it have been otherwise when with 800 guests invited to a garden party only 200 attended?

As colonial secretary Chamberlain had a full-time job. He worked hard to revive trade with the West Indies, "the Empire's darkest slums"; he fathered a school for the study of tropical diseases; and he collaborated with Herzl in trying to find a home for Zionists in British Africa. But he was never content to be simply colonial secretary. Interested in education, he founded the University of Birmingham, raised large sums for its endowment, a university, by the way, with a school of brewing attached. He also acted frequently as though he rather than Lord Salisbury headed the foreign office.

Quite as significant as Chamberlain's break with Gladstone over Irish home rule in 1886 and his determination to annex the two Boer republics was his campaign for imperial preferences and a protective tariff.

Dear to Chamberlain's heart was the Empire and above all else he was eager to strengthen the bonds between Britain and her self-governing colonies and dominions. To accomplish this, closer trade relations were essential and that meant preferential tariffs. At the colonial conference of 1902 Chamberlain urged their adoption, and in so doing challenged the free trade tradition which by the twentieth century had become a sacred cow to the majority of his countrymen.

Meanwhile Lord Salisbury resigned, Balfour becoming Prime Minister. It was inevitable that he and Chamberlain could not work in harmony, and in his concluding volume Mr. Amery will describe their quarrel and conclude this definitive biography.

Walter P. Hall, professor of history at Princeton, is the author of "Empire to Commonwealth," "A History of England and the British Empire," and "Mr. Gladstone."

English Past Notes

REUTERS: The Story of a Century of News-Gathering. By Graham Storey. Crown Publishers. $4. In 1850 Paul Julius Reuter, who operated a pigeon post service between Cologne and Brussels, found his business threatened by the new electric telegraph. He moved to London and the following year opened a news agency that "put a girdle round about the earth." The revolution wrought by telecommunication in the last hundred years has not yet received due recognition from the historians. Any book that helps to explain more fully how cable and wireless services developed, and how political, economic, and military events were affected by the news so swiftly gathered and dispatched, should be welcome. Mr. Storey was given free access to all records preserved at Reuters, and he pays generous tribute to the enterprise, integrity, and business acumen of the men who made it the greatest news-collecting agency in the world before the First World War.

Details on the outstanding news scoops of the era 1851-1951 fill many pages. But the major emphasis is directed to the problems of organization, finance, and policy-making, to the competition offered by Havas, Wolff, and other rivals, and to the altered world conditions that led to the establishment of the "New Reuters" after 1941. This entertaining account lacks footnotes and bibliography, but it is written in a lively journalistic style and enlivened with a dozen illustrations.

THE PETERBOROUGH CHRONICLE. Translated with an introduction by Harry A. Rositzke. Columbia University Press. $3.50. Mr. Rositzke undertook to prepare this complete annotated translation of one of the four surviving chronicles of English medieval history because none is available as a unit in a modern English rendering. "The Peterborough Chron-

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icle" is the longest by seventy-five years of all the vernacular annals, its disjointed notations purporting to trace the history of England from the Year 1 to 1154 A.D. The work will make a valuable and authentic assignment as outside reading for undergraduate classes, and all advanced students of medieval English history will welcome it for the painstakingly succinct introduction, the circumspect rendering into an English that suggests much of the flavor and naivete of the original, and for the numerous and pertinent footnotes. There is a four-page bibliography, two appendices on certain persons and places mentioned in the chronicle, and an excellent index.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND: From the Coming of the English to 1938. *By Keith Feiling. McGraw-Hill.* $7.50. This lively, well-balanced narrative, a work of seventy-eight chapters and over 500,000 words, is a masterly performance. The emphasis is cumulative with half the space reserved for the last 300 years. The author, emeritus professor of modern history at Oxford, is no "little Englander." Imperial problems receive broad treatment with seven chapters allotted to the colonies and dominions—nine if Ireland is regarded as a British overseas acquisition. The political coloring is conservative and the work might be considered an answer to the Whig interpretation so brilliantly established by Macaulay a century ago. British critics have praised it as worthy to rank with the histories of Trevelyan and Green.

So animated is the compact and compelling prose of this popular survey that few readers are likely to think of it as a college text. It has, however, all the necessary virtues and accessories of one—balance, perspective, accuracy, tables of dates, thirteen admirable maps, eighteen genealogical charts, chapter reading lists, and an elaborate index. Americans cannot be expected to appreciate all the wit and sparkle (many of the glinting allusions depend on a knowledge of obscure characters, incidents, details of local history) but they will be enthralled by the sweep of the narrative, the intimate pen portraits, the luminous style. This is a superb epic of an island people with an imperial destiny who were equally great in what they did and what they forebore to do.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. Volume I: The King's Proceedings. By Philip Hughes. Macmillan, $6. Students of the circumstances that led Henry VIII to break with Rome and have himself declared "the only su-

(*Continued on page* 27)

Music & The Dance.

Although autobiographies of stage people have become nearly a drug on the market in recent years, most are little more than grabbags of anecdotes strung together with the quite obvious assistance of ghosts. Among the few that deserve attention as a highly skilled literary performance as well as a revelation of the mind and heart of an artist is Agnes de Mille's "Dance to the Piper," reviewed below by Carl Van Vechten. . . . The past few years have also brought a spate of valuable anthologies of writing on both music and the dance. The fact that the latter is many things to many men is vividly illustrated by Walter Sorell's "The Dance Has Many Faces" (page 19*). Nineteen fifty-one saw the publication of Otto Zoff's "Great Composers through the Eyes of Their Contemporaries," offering a selection of celebrated eye-witness accounts. Now comes another absorbing anthology, Jacques Barzun's "Pleasures of Music" (page* 19*).*

Belief in an Ideal

DANCE TO THE PIPER. By Agnes de Mille. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 342 pp. $3.50.

By Carl Van Vechten

WHILE dining recently in a public restaurant with Christopher Isherwood, we were approached by an eager youth who proceeded to ask "literary" questions, firing them at us with alarming earnestness. We answered these as well as we could, but when he hit upon that cliché, "Why do you write with a pen or on the typewriter? Why don't you dictate?" I knew how to answer directly and truthfully: "An author doesn't write with his mind, he writes with his hands." Isherwood, immediately struck by the validity of this statement, was also amazed by it. "Have you ever said or written that before?," he demanded. I assured him that the remark was both spontaneous and pristine.

—*Angus McBean.*

Agnes de Mille—"creates with her feet."

Reading Agnes de Mille's account of her career, "Dance to the Piper," I recalled this dictum and wondered why. Very speedily the reason was evident to me: Miss De Mille doesn't write or compose dances with her mind, she creates with her feet! I do not mean to imply by this statement that she is clumsy. Quite the contrary. I mean that whatever she has of genius flows from her soul into and through her feet.

I also recall a favorite theory of Theodore Dreiser's. He believed that if a man had talent or genius in one direction he could easily apply it in another direction. In other words, a writer should be able to compose or paint or walk on the ceiling for that matter, if he felt sufficient enthusiasm for the project. It was only a question of desire and of the *strength* of that desire.

Being a granddaughter of Henry George would seem to make it probable that Miss De Mille would be able to write, but "Dance to the Piper" is not very similar to "Progress and Poverty" in style or content. Nor does its author seem to have been influenced appreciably by her uncle, Cecil B. de Mille, or by her father, William de Mille.

Whatever and however, this dancer has written a great autobiography. I am familiar with the type of book

Carl Van Vechten is the author of a number of books on the dance, including studies of Nijinsky, Isadora Duncan, and Pavlova.

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usually negotiated by opera singers, actors, and ballet dancers. It is filled with sprightly or semi-tragic or sentimental anecdotes, for the most part unrelated to the general theme, and offering no illumination to it. The author may describe some character as a dancer, but we do not learn how or why she dances. Miss De Mille is not above anecdote. Indeed, this volume is rich in every variety. In each case, however, her use of anecdote is apposite, and adds something to the picture, the atmosphere, the story she is telling. Her powers of description are never idle or casual.

When, for example, she describes Martha Graham, she is not satisfied to call her great; she explains why she is great, why she is greater than her fellow artists: "Ballet has striven always to conceal effort; she on the contrary thought that effort was important since, in fact, effort was life. And because effort starts with the nerve centers, it follows that a technique developed from percussive impulses that flower through the body and the length of the arms and legs, as motion is sent through a whip, would have enormous nervous vitality. . . . She also evolved suspensions and falls utilizing the thigh and knees as a hinge on which to raise and lower the body to the floor, thus incorporating, for the first time, the ground into the gesture proper. All this differs radically from ballet movement. It is different from Wigman's technique, and it is probably the greatest addition to dance vocabulary made this century, comparable to the rules of perspective in painting, or the use of the thumb in keyboard playing. No dancer that I can name has expanded technique to a comparable degree. She has herself alone given us a new system of leverage, balance, and dynamics. It has gone into the idiom."

It will be observed from the above that this ballerina-choreographer, like her celebrated grandfather, knows how to think and is completely articulate. She is equally good at describing personalities. She is not afraid to underrate herself, and she has a devastating sense of humor. The form of this autobiography is based on the Cinderella legend. Once the success of "Oklahoma!" is attained and the Prince has discovered that the poor little rich girl is the owner of the glass slipper, the author drops her pen, leaving "Carousel," "Allegro," "Bloomer Girl," "Tally-Ho," "Fall River Legend," "Brigadoon," "Paint Your Wagon," and the others to the imagination and maybe another book. Towards the end, as in a good ballet, "Dance to the Piper" gains in momentum, intricacy, and brilliance. The chapter on Marie Rambert completely reveals this remarkable woman, unknown in America. The chapters on "Rodeo" and "Oklahoma!" top the chapter on Marie Rambert. Indeed, I do not recall having read elsewhere such an authentic description of the glamour and horror of a dancer's life as is included in the "Rodeo" chapter. Does your daughter desire to become a dancer? If her enthusiasm is skimpy, give her this chapter to read, and she will discard her silly dream forthwith. On the other hand, if she has the real spark and is dedicated to the true vocation, if she reads this chapter nothing will persuade her to abandon her ambition.

Agnes de Mille's contention, the point of the book, its core and meaning, is that the young choreographers have developed a new form. "We had breached the bulwarks. Tudor, above all, then Ashton, De Valois, Eugene Loring, and I, lastly. Two years later Jerome Robbins with 'Fancy Free' was to confirm the new tradition. (George Balanchine, whom many consider the greatest living ballet choreographer, was no revolutionist. He worked in the direct line of development from a classic premise.) How did we differ? We were trying to diversify the root impulse, and just as Gershwin impressed on the main line of musical development characteristics natural to his own unclassical environment, we were adding gestures and rhythms we had grown up with, using them seriously and without condescension for the first time. This is not a triviality. It is the seed and base of the whole choreographic organization. If dance gesture means anything, it means the life behind the movement."

Miss De Mille struggled hard to attain these ends, and in this book she fully exposes that struggle, the pain it caused her and others, without skipping a bad temper, a tired muscle, or a sleepless eye. But nobody can read this history of courage and belief in an ideal without understanding both dancing and human nature a little better. Indeed, I believe nobody can read this book without following it up with a salutation, "Bravo, Agnes de Mille!"

Hermes

By James Michie

KILLER of Argus, propitious to liars and street-musicians,
hover, too, above my doorway, dispense favors and banknotes
and windfalls of adjectives along with the falling plaster.
You've an Olympian flair for . . . well . . .
shall we say "speculation"? your hand errs and strays
like a lost sheep into other people's wallets.
Apprentice me. I need your cash and luck.

Or lend me
The Villon touch, the Miller's thumb of gold,
prolix apologies, unpinnable glibness of mouth,
circumlocutory dissimulation
and the whole rainbow thesaurus of your claptrap.

Huckster of the upper air,
you know as well as I do, you can reclaim your trinkets,
rake them back to the junk shop up in the empyrean;
for all my jokes are human, and the humourless day must come
when my aplomb goes down before the Parcae.

Then you will pull a long face, and, putting on decorous costume,
drop psychopompously like a plummet into the department of Pluto:
do not grin, when you meet my crestfallen, broke ghost,
but tap it askance with the conductorial truncheon,
tactfully,
by the fogbound bank of Avernus.

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About Music & Musicians

PLEASURES OF MUSIC. Edited with an introduction by Jacques Barzun. New York: Viking Press. 624 pp. $5.

By Roland Gelatt

WHEN Camille Saint-Saëns observed that "nothing is more difficult than to speak about music" he did not reckon on his words making a reappearance in so rich a compilation as this anthology of "great writing about music and musicians"—else he might have been rather less awed by the hazards of the craft. Saint-Saëns went further: "The attempt is very arduous for musicians themselves and nearly impossible for others." If nothing else, "Pleasures of Music" should do away with the entrenched notion that only professionals can discourse meaningfully on music. The excerpts collected by Jacques Barzun are about equally divided between musicians and non-musicians (using these terms in their narrow professional sense), equally divided in bulk and in acumen. From each group one finds examples of perceptive writing: the musician Gounod drawing an acutely reasoned comparison between Palestrina and Michelangelo; the non-musician Edmund Gurney throwing a critical lance at Wagnerian recitative ("dogging bald words with intervals flung out of a bag"). From each group, too, one finds examples of balderdash: witness Samuel Butler's overrating and Tchaikovsky's underrating of Handel. But the insights far outweigh the nonsense, and often they come from the least expected sources.

Heine put it neatly: "No doubt there are [musical] laws, mathematically strict laws, but these laws are not music; they are only its conditions—just as the art of drawing and the theory of colors, or even the brush and palette, are not painting, but only its necessary means. The essence of music is revelation." And because music is essentially revelation an artist like Delacroix could perceive the abuses of thematic repetition and divine the principles of musical development that were to issue, half a century later, in "La Mer"; or a writer like George Sand could detect the artistic probity of a Berlioz at a time (1835) when that composer's stature was by no means generally established. Music's revelations are not confined to the non-musician—as the contributions of Schumann, Berlioz, and Liszt to this anthology well testify—but it is to the perceptive layman that music is primarily addressed; hence the particular interest that accrues to his recorded impressions.

It is unprofitable to criticize in detail the content of an anthology. Every reader will be certain to regret the omission of particular favorite passages, just as he is sure to yawn over some of the anthologist's most cherished *trouvailles*. What matters is whether the anthology by and large holds interest, and this "Pleasures of Music" does to an admirable degree. Readers who encounter here for the first time (as I did) such absorbing matter as Gluck's chiselled invective directed at the critic La Harpe, Spohr's account of the introduction of the baton to England, or Verdi's touchingly modest letter to Mazzini accompanying the hymn "Suona la tromba" will want to join with me in thanks to Mr. Barzun for sharing with us these and many other of his pleasures.

The translations are literate, the annotations enlightening, and the inevitable editorial errors of no alarming consequence.

Dance Compendium

THE DANCE HAS MANY FACES. Edited by Walter Sorell. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 288 pp. $5.

By Laura Clandon

SINCE Mr. Sorell set out to show that the dance has many faces, it may seem harsh to criticize him for succeeding. But in a sense he has succeeded too well. In the twenty-seven essays by twenty-six different authors that make up this book, the various faces of the dance whiz by in such confusion that the reader becomes quite dizzy. The seeming organization of the table of contents is deceptive.

If Mr. Sorell had been content to include articles about the different forms and styles of dancing, together with their histories and their effect on the related stage arts of music, setting, and costume, he would have had a bookful. But as he also includes less sound articles on the dance aspects of movies, television, acting, pantomime, book collecting, and even therapeutics, the result is mental indigestion for even the most avid dance lover.

The fact that most of the contributors are chiefly practitioners of arts other than writing doesn't help clarify the situation, either. Many of them have difficulty in sticking to their points. Oddly enough, for all the variety of topics, there is a good deal of repetition. For instance, Doris Humphrey in "Dance Drama" gives a very intelligent and succinct resumé of the history of the dance, but the same material is covered by at least a half dozen other contributors. A bit of judicious editing would have helped.

Now that the unpleasant things have been said, the ledger can be balanced somewhat. Several of the articles are interesting and enlightening, indeed. Pieces by active first-rate artists like Balanchine, Ashton, La Meri, and Erdman afford many fascinating glimpses of how and why they work. Ruth Page has contributed an excellent piece summing up nicely and fairly the different dancing trends in America. Her judgment on what has been done and her hopes for the future strike a pleasant note after the violent pessimism of some of the other writers. Iva Kitchell comments on satiric dancing quite charmingly and Pearl Primus on African dancing most movingly.

We must consider it fortunate that these artists are usually too busy dancing to put down their thoughts. When they do, therefore, what they say is of real value for the student and *aficionado* of the dance as well as for its professionals.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Do We Really Want to Live Longer?

FEW writers today are willing to use as a theme or to recognize that the most startling and significant accomplishment of the first half of this century is the increase in the human life-span, especially of women. Consider some of the facts. Statistics based on the total white population of the United States assure the normally healthy woman of thirty today that she has the right to expect to live to 74.6 years, while the life expectancy of a man of the same age is 71.6 years. Parents of 1952 taking their first look at an apparently fragile and minute baby girl are contemplating a human being with an average life expectancy of at least 71.5 years; if it is a boy they must subtract 5.6 years. Actually no one can estimate what effect the future advance in medical science and nutrition will have on extending human longevity far beyond even the present estimates, which represent an increase of more than twenty years during the last half century. Scientists know that the maximum life span of all of earth's animals can be estimated by multiplying the number of years it takes to produce a physically mature adult of any species by seven. Since it is agreed that full maturity comes to human beings while they are seventeen, it is obvious that so far as we know today man cannot hope to have more than one hundred and twenty birthdays, though to an unscientific mind it is not inconceivable that what the geneticists term "sports" may develop to live far beyond that now-astounding age.

Those who have read Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" plays and the preface will recall that they are based on the Lamarckian theory of the inheritance of acquired characteristics and on Shaw's belief in the necessity for a longer life for mankind if our civilization, or humanity itself, is to endure. He pointed out that fewer great leaders were produced in modern times than in preceding centuries, in spite of mass education and vastly increased populations. Any American can prove this theory by recalling that the men who signed our Declaration of Independence came from a total population of three million, including Negro slaves, while today in a country of more than a hundred and fifty million it is difficult to bring to mind a score of men who have inspired the people with their qualities of national leadership.

While our life-span has steadily advanced, so has the age at which men are capable of leadership in politics, industry, medicine, and science. The average professional man today is rarely able to make his mark before forty or to reach the height of his powers before fifty, and he may be retired during the next five or ten years—regardless of his physical powers. There are not enough years for a talented man to conquer one profession and take up another, and yet it is one of the paradoxes of our society that for most of us, and especially for women, there are now too many years in our life-span, so that we look upon old age with foreboding and terror.

The fact is that there is almost no mental preparation for the latter years of life. In this country especially we often behave as if we were in search of eternal youth. We are in love with immaturity, and our popular writers, fashion designers, the radio, television, advertising, and mass-circulation magazines conspire in the creation of fantasies on which the curtain is drawn down at the age of forty. The result is that the subject of old age has become a taboo. We admire the occasional figures who are vital and strong in their seventies, but we have no desire to emulate them.

A long life should be regarded as the greatest of all gifts. What healthy man or woman would wish to put a term to their years? But the dread of passing over the threshold of youth, or that increasingly elastic expanse called middle age, is destroying any sane attempt to educate the people for life after sixty, or so far as women are concerned after forty-five.

IT is another paradox that the sex destined to live the longest is the least prepared for long life. The average young woman who marries at twenty and has two or three children is apt to be deprived of them by the time she is forty-five. Whatever talents she may have had to earn a living or build a career have been neglected at the expense of domestic activities. She must be a wife, cook, teacher, and social arbiter, and there are many other demands on her patience and time which have been enforced by the loss of the once traditional domestic servant. She is inevitably ill-prepared to find any kind of satisfactory existence in the next twenty or thirty years which she is now destined to live.

The gift of certain longevity has already become a curse and nightmare to vast numbers of women who must face many years of loneliness, inanition, and perhaps poverty only relieved by old-age insurance and family stipends.

The male fate does not appear to be so dismal. He has his work and his profession to keep him useful and active until he retires. And there is always the possibility of marrying a far younger woman or a wealthy widow. Nevertheless, unless he has acquired an avocation or a hobby for his old age he must also assume some of the burden of society's failure to provide for it. The only cure for this state of affairs lies in the hands of educators and writers who must teach young men and women the responsibilities to themselves that extended longevity will inevitably bring. Any mental gift or talent or intellectual interest with which they are endowed must be kept alive and vital for the future. It may be difficult, but it must be done; and with it there will be a gradual change in social attitudes, so that growing older will mean a time of enrichment and serenity instead of unhappiness and aridity. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correspondence Personals

SIR: As an interested and admiring reader of *SRL*, I feel that I must applaud your decision to discontinue the publication of classified advertisements inviting correspondence. The decision is more than wise; I have wondered why you did not make it earlier.

Yes, the use of the classified ads has been abused, and for quite some time. The ads have thus become a thing not in keeping with the good taste and discretion shown in the rest of the magazine. Unpleasantness has resulted from many of the answers received in reply to harmless ads; other ads have been run, I am sure, from motives that were not honorable.

Your decision is, I repeat, a wise one.

DOUGLAS R. HALL.

Wake Forest, N. C.

SIR: May I express my regrets on the passing of the *SRL* PERSONALS?

I do not know what real reason lies behind this decision, but the last ten years have practically wiped out the importance of the individual in American life. Bureaucracy, isms (including McCarthyism), mass production (even in literature) have killed off those little personal eccentricities and strengths that built this country where all might live together in diversity. I suppose it is only inevitable that *The Saturday Review* must bow too before the machine that stops individuals from being individuals.

It was the PERSONALS column that first introduced me to the *SRL*, and over the years kept me flying into the bookstore to buy the first copy. I have never answered a PERSONAL; I have objected to some; but I honored the system that preserved this corner of individuality. I shall probably not be as eager to purchase this magazine now, for the intriguing voices from the wilderness are stilled—silenced by the Great Uniformity.

WILLIAM H. DENNIS.

New York, N. Y.

Menaced Standards

SIR: I cannot let 1951 go by without having sent to you all my best wishes for the new year and my thanks. There were so many sad hours, but to the good ones belonged the hours of going through *The Saturday Review*, feeling how creative all those judgments must be to young and old, to experts and laymen. In a time that has lost a sense of values, that inclines toward pessimism and easy complacency you have maintained standards dangerously menaced, and have created new standards.

The reader of books has to be guided in these times, when materialism tends to turn cultural reading into nothing else but diversion; not that he would care for all the technical criticism that can be found in some book criticism, but you have established such an excellent mixture of advice to writers and recommendations to laymen that one can only congratulate you. The contents behind those reviews are what matters; America has a good leader in you. Coming from old Europe and still being exiled (as far as the USA is concerned) in Mexico, I especially appreciate the constant delight that I feel in reading the implacable and still human, the witty and never cynical, men that write in and guide your publication.

GUSTAV REGLER.

Cuernavaca, Mexico.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Just tell everyone I ate too much. I wouldn't want it known I was made ill by the massacre."

Mr. Benton and Mr. Soby

SIR: I am sure that many readers are grateful to *SRL* for publishing Thomas Hart Benton's "What's Holding Back American Art?" and James Thrall Soby's reply [*SRL* Dec. 15].

It gives those of us who know-nothing-about-art-but-we-know-what-we-like valuable insight into the thinking of two representatives of a group committed to line and color as a medium of expression. Usually, the spoken or written words about that medium are as clear to us as those of two psycho-physicists discussing cybernetics.

Both Benton and Soby write with clarity. Both add to my conviction that Sigmund Spaeth was correct in defining a classic as "a work of art that has established its permanence." Applying that, Doris Lee's "Sleigh" in line and color might well be compared with "Now the Day Is Over," an "established" melodic theme in five notes. Those five are satisfying, and they continue to challenge the musical arranger to improve upon the original harmony which the composer wrote around them. Both of those works of art can be changed. It is questionable that they can be improved. The majority of my grandchildren's grandchildren will continue to appreciate both, as they will the long "established" and more intricate Beethoven symphony and (I predict) Curry's "Baptism in Kansas."

DEAC MARTIN.

Cleveland, O.

SIR: Congratulations to Mr. Soby for his forthright answer to Mr. Benton's confused article. Actually nothing is holding it back. It is certainly in the forefront today, thanks to the fact that the basic principles of art are being constantly upheld, rather than the very limiting ideas of subject matter propounded by Mr. Benton.

ADELYN D. BREESKIN.

Baltimore, Md.

Errata

SIR: In your interesting issue for October the 13, I would point out two errors. On page 26 you refer to L. P. Hartley's novel as "The Shrimp and the Anemome." This should, of course, be "Anemone," and on page 35 you state that "Mr. Beluncle" is the first novel of the well-known critic V. S. Pritchett. It may be the first novel of Pritchett's to be published in America, but this is certainly not the case in England.

SHAUN DANDY, Editor,
Illustrated Weekly of India.

Bombay, India.

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Mr. Marquand Turns a Point

HENRY HEWES

JOHN P. MARQUAND is looking these days like a man who has just become a literary grandfather. In point of fact he is, for the successful Broadway version of "Point of No Return" appears to be headed for the same long and happy life that the novel enjoyed. Visiting the bard of Newburyport at his East 67th Street apartment we found him full of beans and delighted at the opportunity of discussing Paul Osborn's much praised adaptation of his treatise on apple-polishing in the higher brackets.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said thoughtfully, "it's the most skilful job of adapting since Sidney Howard's job on 'Dodsworth.'"

After a bit of pinning down, Mr. Marquand did admit to a few differences between the novel and the play. "I guess I agree with Wolcott Gibbs when he says they've made Nancy and Charles Gray a little too charming. But Osborn says you have to do that in a play, because one bitter remark can throw a character out of favor with the audience."

The fifty-eight-year-old novelist, who confesses that even in his own writing he finds himself letting up on characters he had intended to lambaste, is quite willing to go along with Osborn on the point of character-sweetening, but he expressed genuine regret that the producer hadn't gone along with his adapter on another notion. In the first scene of the original script there was a kind of reverie in which Charles Gray recalls his father and mother discussing a paper to be read before the Clyde Historical Society. The sequence was intended to introduce the play's theme early before the action in the bank where Charles is shown in a petty but grim struggle with Roger Blakesly for a vice-presidency. Jumping up from his chair, the novelist shoved both hands in his trousers and began to pace up and down as he spoke. It was as if he were dictating an unpleasant letter. "I'm a little sorry that in tryouts people get frightened and feel a compulsion to make script changes that aren't wholly necessary. That reverie sequence might have confused a few people, but it would have given you more of the father, who tells the most about Charles Gray of all the characters in the play. Moreover, it would have prepared you better for the second act."

As for the second act itself, Mr. Marquand obviously approved. "Having it in retrospect, with Charles taking his present self into past situations, gives you a wonderful sense of the passage of time in years. And isn't it fine the way the actors just illuminate Charles Gray and never intrude with little solo performances? As for giving you the kind of quick picture of Clyde you need in a play, the increased use of the anthropologist is an ideal solution. You know, Osborn was kind enough to let me write a few new lines for the anthropologist to say."

Not contributed by Mr. Marquand, however, was the tender kiss Charles gives his dead father. Despite the author's reputation for mixing compassion with his satire and an often indulged fondness for musical comedy waltzes of yesteryear, he is death on such sentimental overflows in the disciplined society of which he writes and wishes that Fonda would confine his affection to a brief pat on the shoulder.

On the other hand, Mr. Marquand is quick to come to his adapter's defense against novel readers who object to the way the order of the Clyde sequences has been rearranged for the purposes of the play. "Let me remind the reading public that retrospect in a novel can be used to build up character, but in a play it constantly must move the action. Also don't forget the physical problems like scene-shifting. You can't put two elaborate scenes one after the other. Osborn wanted to write a sequence between Charles's father and Lawrence Lovell, but he had to dismiss the idea because the only place it could have gone was after the scene in which the father dies."

—*Dorothy Wilding.*

John P. Marquand—"literary grandfather."

Unfortunately, the Broadway rat race for time did prevent either the designer or the adapter from visiting Newburyport. As a result the second act seems to be taking place in a town like Williamsburg, Virginia, rather than in a Massachusetts seaport. Nevertheless, Mr. Marquand believes that the Clyde sequences in the play do their primary job of showing Charles Gray how he became the way he is. "I'd like to have seen more of the father, but I'm glad they kept the number of flashbacks down. You can get away with a lot of switching back and forth in a novel or a motion picture, but on the stage it gets tiresome. That was one thing that bothered me about the play 'Death of a Salesman.'"

COMING to the crucial third act of "Point of No Return," Mr. Marquand, who grows handsomer daily as his hair and mustache turn white against his full complexioned face, lost his quixotic, cosmopolitan look and took on the appearance of a Bostonian complaining about an "improvement" to Marlborough Street. "You know," he said, flapping his hands emphatically, "Osborn's original ending was very close to the book. Gray when he suddenly finds he's got the job after all feels neither elated or sad. He sees that he has passed the point of no return and might as well accept it. This ending made the play say the same thing the novel did, roughly 'The game in many ways is not worth the candle.' But evidently the producers found that audiences wouldn't take to such a pessimistic result. So

No Regret

By Langston Hughes

OUT of love,
No regrets—
Though the goodness
Be wasted forever.

Out of love,
No regrets—
Though the return
Be never.

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ON THE GREAT STAGE
"STAR-SPANGLED"—Gala new revue produced by Leonidoff . . . settings by James Stewart Morcom with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble and the Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige.

Osborn now has Charles Gray show a kind of revolt by refusing to join the Hawthorn Hill Country Club as his boss requests. This makes the play seem to mean 'The game may be worth the candle if you learn to walk erect.' Since everything else in the play rings so true, this new ending came almost as a shock to me. Of course, maybe you have to soup it up to make the thing come across in the theatre."

While his words were emphatic, they had no bitterness in them. It was obvious that Mr. Marquand for all his minor discontents about the theatre was really pleased concerning the way his book has been transferred to the stage. "I could never write a play myself," he admitted, "I just don't understand the medium. I'm delighted to find a really fine playwright like Osborn who can bring the thing off and keep it so close to the book."

At this point we terminated the interview and put on our overcoat. Mr. Marquand noticed that we didn't wear a hat and remarked with that strange combination of well-adjustment and perpetual curiosity that are his trademark, "Funny, my son never wears a hat either." "Maybe," we answered, ringing for the elevator, "it's something like not joining the Hawthorn Hill Club."

Broadway Postscript

THE New York City Center revival of "Anna Christie" turns out to be more of a fair-weather pleasure cruise than a foggy journey on Eugene O'Neill's original coal barge.

The opening scene on land has some fine moments, thanks to Grace Valentine's delicately balanced portrayal of an aging slattern and Celeste Holm's stark rendition of Anna the prostitute. But once Anna heads to sea on her father's scow, the play is awash. A Christmas card-like set, a quick shift into Hollywood gear by Miss Holm, and Kevin McCarthy's vastly entertaining, but too broadly comic, playing of the sailor who falls in love with Anna make the rest of the play acceptable only as lively comedy.

Sugarcoating the classics with name actors and diverting performances is better than nothing, particularly when it results in the production being moved downtown for an extended run as it has in this case. However, Miss Valentine's brief characterization indicates that there is a somewhat greater potential that might be tapped. —H. H.

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TONY BAVAAR
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Lighting Peggy Clark
Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
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DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
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SRL Goes to the Movies

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE PICTURE

WITH the weird unanimity that so frequently characterizes the output of the Hollywood studios, we seem suddenly up against a long—and generally uninspired—cycle of movies featuring that most distressing of menaces, the child actor. Cute, determined, knowledgeable as all get out, he is blessed by his maker, a script writer, with a happy faculty for getting his elders into all sorts of difficulties, then at the crucial moment extricating them with one whirl of his mighty midget mind. That these difficulties are invariably of a kind that any healthy adult with the minimal amount of gray matter required to sustain life would overcome quite readily, seems completely beside the point. For instead of putting their minds to the matter (thus bringing the film to an abrupt end somewhere in Reel Two), the elders must always rush about popping their eyes, exclaim "Oh!," and execute protracted double takes. It is almost as if these pictures were governed by a special set of rules: adults must not act adult, and children must not act like kids.

Heaven only knows where the tradition began. It goes at least as far back as the Our Gang and Baby Peggy pictures of the Twenties, to Jackie Coogan and "Peck's Bad Boy." It was carried right along by Shirley Temple and Margaret O'Brien through the Thirties and into the Forties. Popular those moppets were, and talented too. Today's starlets have much less of both, but that hardly stops them—or their producers.

Universal, which formerly confined its low-budget activities to Westerns, seems virtually to have retired its stable at this point. Maybe kiddies come cheaper than horses. At any rate, they are presently offering to infantophiles no less than three totsy attractions. In "Week-End with Father" widowed Patricia Neal and widower Van Heflin, with a brace of kids apiece, are ultimately brought together through the frenzied machinations of these resourceful offspring, plus a whole summer campful of obstreperous ten-year-olds just spoiling for a good sound thrashing. "Here Come the Nelsons" features Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Nelson, and their real-life children, David and Ricky. While there are a couple of almost real-life moments at the breakfast table as the picture opens, soon the boys are doping out a way to get a raise for good old pop, settling a misunderstanding between the parents, and foiling a pair of gangsters for good measure. And "Finders Keepers" displays a two-year-old film child of Tom Ewell and Julia Adams, who manages to foil *three* gangsters before the final fade-out—and of course, he too settles a misunderstanding between the parents. It's one of those comedies where constant noise is supposed to substitute for constant humor.

Warner Brothers' entry climbs into the big feature category. "Room for One More" stars Cary Grant and Betsy Drake in an adaptation of Anna Perrott Rose's autobiographical appeal for foster parenthood, an argument that runs generally along the lines indicated by the title. It may have been convincing enough in book form, but when fleshed out with the treble-voiced gang of manic depressives and infantile exhibitionists here, the Roses' soft-heartedness seems more like soft-headedness. The moral is that love conquers all, but only sheer masochism could have restrained any adult from kicking in the teeth of these young charmers. Iris Mann, the exciting child who drove Beatrice Straight out of her mind in "The Innocents," is only moderately interesting as the disturbed adolescent who converts to sweetness and light. The rest are just plain grim.

Why go on? The warnings have been posted. Let the buyer beware. But lest this become too all-inclusive, Columbia Pictures (which also unwraps a sticky item in "The First Time") comes along just in the nick to prove that all pictures about children need not be unbearable. "Boots Malone" is a race-track story about a boy who wants to become a jockey. But right there ends all cliche or resemblance to any other picture starting from the same premise. The Kid, a runaway, is adopted by Boots and taught the trade from the stable up. The accent falls almost equally on how to race a horse and how to raise a boy, and there is a good, unsentimental approach to both.

What really distinguishes this film, apart from its healthy absence of sentimentality, is a fantastic absorption with the technical side of the race track. As "Boots" unfolds, you

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have the feeling that you are learning all the inner workings, the unglamorous side, the part where horse racing is lived and breathed and treated as a business. You see how a jockey is trained, what a claiming race is, how a wire syndicate operates. By the time the big race is run off, you can watch it through almost professional eyes. If the ending is a bit forced, a bit too pat, that is the only unreal aspect of the entire film. Its makers seem to know what they are talking about, and what is more, to enjoy talking about it. William Holden, better known in each successive picture, is an easy and believable Boots. Johnny Stewart, who not too long ago was playing in "The King and I," brings a pleasantly awkward grace to his part as The Kid; while Basil Ruysdael, once a radio announcer, gives an almost documentary quality to his role of an old horse owner forced to sell his only mare. "Boots Malone" is a quiet and unpretentious picture, yet because its makers have bothered with the details—and have kept their Kid human, not superhuman—the whole comes across with warmth and with unflagging interest.

These same qualities would characterize a new film from France bearing the rather unfortunate title of "Passion for Life" (Brandon). It, too, is a story about children, but as the saying goes, they order these matters better over there. Just because a picture has kids in it, they don't necessarily scale it down to a child's mentality. Here, for example, the story centers around a teacher in a small provincial French town just after World War I who hopes to introduce into his school the methods of progressive education. He wants his young charges to learn by doing, to carry the classroom over into their everyday life. With the children, everything works out just fine. They enjoy their lessons, develop a healthy interest in the world around them. It is their elders who create the difficulties. They become suspicious of the new methods, distressed at finding their youngsters progressing beyond them, and summon the Academicians to rout out M. Pascal. But the children come triumphantly to his aid, not through a few clever plot twists, but simply by proving to the Academy people that they have indeed learned in their new kind of school. Bernard Blier makes a believable country school teacher, his charges are charmingly natural, and the whole has something of the feeling that distinguished such earlier French efforts in this field as "La Maternelle" and "Ballerina."

—Arthur Knight.

TV and Radio

TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS SEVEN

TODAY I would like to say a kind word or two about the radio and television surveys. But I just can't.

I have here before me some figures culled from a recent survey conducted in Cincinnati by the Graduate Division of Xavier University in that city. I take a dim view of that group's ever being graduated. Not if this is the best they can do with mathematics.

I can understand a survey or a poll being wrong but still coming close—as in the case of the Gallup poll in the last Presidential election. It came close when it picked Dewey. Only one candidate beat him. My goodness, a mistake of one like that is nothing to make you lose your faith in polls, and certainly nothing to kill yourself over, unless you happen to be a Republican. However, when the mistake runs into much higher figures than one, as in the Xavier University television survey—well let me show you. These are some of the figures which fascinated me.

It was a survey conducted in Cincinnati among 1,000 school children. Ages: twelve and thirteen. Object: to discover what the children were watching on television, how long they were watching it every day, and how they were standing up under what they were seeing. I must admit that the sample figure of 1,000 in one city is a pretty good one, considering that the honored and respected and feared Neilsen survey doesn't sample even half that many in its nation-wide poll. I believe it's something around 400 TV sets which the Neilsen samples to represent a cross-section of the millions of sets actually in operation in this country. So one thousand sets in one town may be considered a halting step in the right direction.

Now to the Xavier findings: Out of the 1,000 children sampled 86 per cent watched Milton Berle. This survey does not concern itself with whether these children will all grow up to wear women's clothes. It is rather concerned with how many hours they sat at their TV sets, and whether it was with or without their parents' permission. So 86 per cent watched Uncle Miltie. With lightning-like calculation I make that 860 children out of a thousand were watching Miltie.

Now further down in the survey of the Graduate Division of Xavier University in the city of Cincinnati, I discover the name of Frank Sinatra. Mr. Sinatra did not fare as well in this pool as Mr. Berle. Only 31 per cent of the children watched Frankie. Only 310 children out of a thousand were watching Ava's boy.

NOW please watch this closely—we may ask questions later. It so happens that Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra are on television at the same hour on the same night. So 860 out of 1,000 were watching Miltie, while only 310 out of 1,000 were watching Frankie. Making a grand total of 1,170 out of 1,000 who were watching television that night.

A program called "Captain Video" was being watched by 78 per cent of the 1,000 children. That's 780 out of 1,000. But only 29 per cent were watching Kukla, Fran, and Ollie on at the same hour. That's 290 out of 1,000. Making a grand total of 1,070 out of 1,000 watching television at that hour.

"Stop the Music" on Thursday night was being watched on TV by 62 per cent while the Groucho Marx program on TV at the same time was being watched by only 41 per cent. Making another grand total of 1,030 out of 1,000 who were watching television.

I know there must be some weird logarithmic answer to this simple problem in mathematics, but I'm content with my old-fashioned arithmetic. It helps feed an inherent opacity which always manifests itself whenever I run across a table of figures purporting to show what people are watching or listening to on TV or radio.

I wouldn't question the calibration of the Graduate Division of Xavier University of Cincinnati, and I don't doubt their ability to add and subtract. I'm just fascinated with the way the children of Cincinnati multiply.

—Goodman Ace.

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Music to My Ears

CONCERNING "COSI" AND MOZART — CAMILLA WILLIAMS

CONCERNING "Cosi," so much has been said about the visual aspects of the production—and rightly enough—that the greatest three hours of "new" music to reach New York in years has been left to speak for itself; or to be called "perfunctory" in one journal and "oversymmetrical" in another. Even for those who have encountered "Cosi" on occasional European trips, or dipped into the recording from time to time, it remains a score that has to be heard and reheard several times in close succession for its proportions to be apparent and its glories to be valued at their true worth.

A dress rehearsal and three performances (as of this writing) have now made that possible; and it is my settled conviction that the third performance (as broadcast on the radio) was the most absorbing to date, because all of us—performers and listeners—are more at ease with its intricacies, more relaxed in its presence. We are now fairly sure that everybody will sing everything pretty well, that there will be no disasters, and that the colloquialisms of the translation that make us wince will come only at scattered intervals.

So what do we have? We have a procession of the most glorious tripping tunes and gay instrumental effects that Mozart, the master of the glorious and the gay, ever put on paper. Having heard "Come scoglio" now five or six times, I am ready to agree with Eric Blom that it is really a spoof on the grand dramatic arias of the time, with the line between the serious and the satirical so slim that one must listen closely to know where one leaves off, the other begins. I know, too, that the reason Richard Tucker sounds rushed in the intricate figuration of the finale is that Mozart meant him to sound rushed; he was just giving the tenor "fits," so to speak, as though to say: "You think you're so good? Well, just sing this." This kind of mischief was inbred in Mozart, as those who play his chamber music well know.

One can hear, too, in the music of Guglielmo and Dorabella particularly, the genesis of much that is most lovable in "The Magic Flute," the writing for Papageno and Papagena. One also hears, in the so-called recitative—which is the most melodious *recitativo accompagnato* Mozart ever wrote—soaring effects of the kind dear to Handel in "Messiah" and other oratorios (probably the operas too, though I have scant knowledge of them). I am thinking of the kind of "recitative" that precedes "Every Valley Shall Be Exalted." It is well-known that a wealthy amateur of the time (Baron von Swieten) had commissioned Mozart to amend the scoring of this and other Handel works (1787-90), and it might well have been that it was much in his mind at the time of "Cosi" (1789-90).

As for the orchestra, it is a veritable hot-bed of intrigue, chattering comment, and artful elaboration of what is going on behind the footlights. Certainly there is no score in which the woodwinds are so noisily prominent (I use "noise" in the Beecham sense, as applied to "Coq d'Or," which he rates a "fine noise"); or the trumpets play where the horns should and vice versa, while the strings give ground or take it as the Mozartian will directs. In its latest manifestation, Fritz Stiedry had everything humming in fine style save the overture, which tends to be an anticlimax at the very beginning.

I think it is a point of historic interest that this "Cosi" is sung by virtually an all-American cast, of whom Frank Cuarrera (Guglielmo) had sung no Mozart before, Richard Tucker had sung only Tamino (not overpoweringly), and Patrice Munsel nothing but Zerlina. Thebom (Dorabella) had not previously sung any Mozart at the Metropolitan, but should do more, of course; while Steber is just now at her absolute best as Fiordiligi. Together with the experienced Brownlee they compose a singing ensemble which frequently strikes a sustained period of concord not heard in this theatre in years. Yes, I am afraid I like "Cosi."

—Chidnoff.

Camilla Williams—"beautiful details."

"Gianni Schicchi' and "Salome" brought more musical execution of a high order, with much credit to Alberto Erede for his clarification of a score both tenuous and complex, to Roberta Peters for her lovely singing of Lauretta, and to Salvatore Baccaloni for his buffo Schicchi. The English text was properly garbled by De Paolis (Gherardo) and Baccaloni, though the latter's masterful enunciation made even the incorrect clearly audible. Otherwise, from the native singers there was a word or phrase now and then to carry the action forward, if not much that was consecutive. "Schicchi" just doesn't "sing" in English, try as one will. Horace Armistead's simple set was apropos, also Hans Busch's stage direction.

"Salome" remains overpowering for the neurotic possessiveness of Ljuba Welitch's total performance, and the masterly direction of Reiner. This production by Herbert Graf seemed the most carefully composed he has given us, with Elisabeth Hoengen a cynical, crafty, and regally pictorial Herodias in her debut, and Hans Hotter a visually imposing Jokanaan, if one whose stay in the cistern was only too evident in his foggy vocalizing.

* * *

Camilla Williams's recital in Town Hall (her second altogether, but her first since emerging to prominence at the City Center) was full of beautiful details, much musicality, and obvious aptitude for this difficult genre of performance. Her Arne aria ("Oh Come My Dearest") and Mozart's "Se tu il Padre" ("Idomeneo") were finely chiseled, but not all the chips had been rounded off in her Schubert group. One felt that she was still singing "An die Sonne" and "Nacht und Träume" by formula rather than conviction, though the formula was always a good one. More ability to color the voice, more variation in accent (both verbal and musical) are the mechanical aids she needs to liberate the meaning of her material rather than merely perform its outlines.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE ENGLISH PAST

(*Continued from page* 17)

preme head in earth of the Church of England" cannot afford to ignore this new study, whatever their religious persuasion. It reveals the same erudition, exhaustive familiarity with the sources, and animated style that distinguished the dozen previous volumes by Father Philip Hughes. Before the author carried his general "History of the Church" to the fifteenth century in 1947 he had already turned aside to prepare a volume on "Rome and the Counter-Reformation in England." He has now undertaken two volumes on "The Reformation in England," this first one covering the years 1517 to 1540, while the second, it is understood, will extend the narrative to 1604.

The most noteworthy quality of this book is neither the fecund scholarship nor the forceful style, impressive though these are. It is the insight into characters and motives, an insight that transforms even the most fugitive figures into credible human beings. The many men and the few women who cross these pages are all individuals. Each thinks individual thoughts, makes personal decisions and compromises, speaks with his own authentic accent. The author is catholic as well as Catholic in his understanding, and too sound a historian to present the drama of the English Reformation as a contest between angels and devils. He acknowledges with equal frankness the moving zeal of a Tyndale and the duplicity of a Clement VII. With its plenitude of references, precise bibliography, six appendixes, and thirty illustrations this volume forms the first half of a significant and penetrating work of historical scholarship.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 449

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 449 will be found in the next issue.

QI FVCYLRI EGGCVJLXB UC

CSV KCFIR EXJ FIVACVY

EGGCVJLXB UC CSV AIEVR.

—ZE VCGKIACSGESZJ.

Answer to No. 448

If rustic life was so delightful, why did the rustic fly to the city as soon as he could find a city to fly to and the railroad fare?

—GEORGE BOAS.

INDIA AND BRITISH IMPERIALISM. By Gorham D. Sanderson. Bookman Associates. $4.50. This is an incautious book. The author, a member of the history department of the City College of New York, writes with the enthusiasm if little of the moderation of the professional historian. His account begins with a summary of pre-British India; and the genesis of British imperialism is found in English dealings with Ireland. In 1600 a royal charter was granted to the East India Company, which a century and a half later became the government of India as a result of the victories of Clive. From that day down to the Labor Government's grant of Dominion status, India was the "sacred cow" of British imperialism.

A propensity for overstatement mars the book. Was pre-British India "the greatest industrial and commercial power on earth"? Did the British establish "the world's most complete system of military absolutism" in India? Has the British Government been a "prisoner in the hands of British capitalists" who, even today, "dictate and control the imperial policies of the Parliament"? London becomes the "capital of capitalism"; Gandhi exhibits the "instinct of the Divine Creator"; India produces her own "Joan of Arc"; and so on in a passionate indictment.

Numerous quotations from Indian nationalists are taken at face value, while, at the same time, the lowest motives are imputed to the imperial government. "British financial influences in the United States" are accused of veiling the truth about India. But the account of events since 1940 is sketchy. Nothing in the book prepares the reader for the disputes between India and Pakistan or Nehru's present differences with the West. In fact, it all might have been written fully ten years ago.

—JOHN TRUEMAN.

THE BRITISH GENERAL ELECTION OF 1950. By H. G. Nicholas. Macmillan. $4.50. Aside to an Enterprising Writer: Are you hunting for a subject . . . one that is timely, liable to fascinate a minimum of bookbuyers in numbers sufficient to fascinate a publisher, and challenging to your own

powers of rapid research, objectivity, integration of diverse materials, and lucid writing? Then pick up a copy of "The British General Election of 1950," authored with incredible perception—considering the haste in production—by H. G. Nicholas, an Oxonian with the rarely joined gifts of deep political insight and fine literary craftsmanship. Glance over the chapter headings and notice that nothing is missing—the British election laws, the parties, the candidates, the campaign, press and radio coverage, world reactions, forecasts, and an analysis of the results.

Get the idea? November 1952 is close enough for serious planning. With or without Truman, Taft and/or Gen. Ike, it's going to be a slam-bang show. Joe McCarthy will be exhaling his Congressional immunity into the fair Wisconsin air, Dixiecrats talking about white supremacy but thinking about the offshore oil preserves. If the signs are right, we're going to enjoy the dirtiest and most circusy national election in memory, and you can record it—free from fear of the libel laws and the decencies that restrain historians who write long after the event.

Do your job well, as Nicholas does his by the British, and you may even become an authority, writing regularly on the vagaries of our politics and eating regularly of that legendary beef which we and the English are supposed to prize as a national dish. It's so easy, for there's virtually no serious competition: a few newspaper and

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magazine commentators who warm over their prejudices and past mistakes in judgment into a sonorous analysis. A few political scientists still proving that Sam Tilden really won the Presidency back in '76. And that professor out West who publishes those dreary county-by-county election statistics. Gallup? Roper? Don't make me laugh.

But get it right. Nicholas does, and now there's no excuse for misinterpreting what happened to Attlee and Churchill. Read him, follow him, and you can't go wrong.

—Peter R. Levin.

LOOKING FOR HISTORY IN BRITISH CHURCHES. By M. D. Anderson. Morrow. $5. Historians who fondly suppose that each and every antiquarian nourishes the dream of opening a tearoom will be in for the shock of their lives if ever they skim the pages of "Looking for History in British Churches." An avowed antiquarian, M. D. Anderson is a scholar who has delved so deeply into the Middle Ages that most professional historians will think twice before questioning her opinions; what's more important, she writes agreeably, and by some magic of her own has succeeded in weaving a convincing narrative of curiosities as remote as Saxon carved stone crosses and the marble pianos of nineteenth-century cemeteries.

"The clocks," declares M. D. Anderson, "measure out the centuries from hundreds of church towers; the bells under hundreds of steeples ring out in alarm or victory, happiness or tragedy. As their sound vibrates above the roses and ragged grass of the churchyards, the imagination can take the whole church, or only a single stone, for the starting point of a journey back through time until the bells first rang from that tower. The life of the Middle Ages is then no longer an incomplete historical record, but a living world in which both bells and dreamer have their being, and perhaps the dreamer will reach even further back in time than the sound of the bells."

Bravely seeking the evidence of social history in churches from Saxon to Victorian times, the author dwells fitfully on the traces of Saxon kings, Norse invaders, pilgrims, crusaders, highwaymen, cavaliers, roundheads, squires, and even the common people. A boss (or ornamental block) in the Lady Chapel of Ely reminds her that a Negro may have walked the Ely streets in the fourteenth century; a wooden horse in an eighteenth-century church calls to mind a parson so fond of the saddle that he could not preach in the usual pulpit; anecdote after anecdote testifies to her erudition.

Many American tourists may wish M. D. Anderson had not strayed so far afield, but even the most solemn American to land in England next summer should realize that learning as painless as this is not to be found in the guidebooks.

—Wayne Andrews.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Lucy Seymer. Macmillan. $1.75. Here is a gentle, pedestrian life of Florence Nightingale which, the jacket suggests, will probably be enjoyed by young people. It is too colorless and a little too childlike to give an adult reader much pleasure, especially as it comes so soon after a magnificent book on the same subject by Cecil Woodham-Smith.

The chief virtue of Lucy Seymer's book is that it is entirely reliable. It covers the main points of Florence Nightingale's life sensibly, carefully, and in the proper order, and there is an intelligent emphasis on nursing. The author has written a previous book on the history of nursing and it is obviously here that her heart really lies. Moreover, in these sections of the book Miss Nightingale is given space to speak for herself, and whatever she has to say is always worth hearing.

The chief fault of Mrs. Seymer's book is an almost complete lack of color. The great Victorians move past like sedate ghosts and even Miss Nightingale herself does not seem wholly real. Mrs. Seymer is interested in her heroine's character but not in her temperament, and while the general outline of her personality has been carefully described there is no life in it. Even the hospital at Scutari seems to exist in a kind of denatured atmosphere, with the blood and the filth and the heroism viewed placidly and from a great distance. As for the conflict that Florence Nightingale waged with her own family, a war that lasted for years and that nearly drove her to actual insanity, Mrs. Seymer views it with equal calm. "The domestic tension," she states, "was very marked."

—Marchette Chute.

ENGLAND: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By Douglas Jerrold. Norton. $4. If you know about England's history, you could do worse than read Mr. Jerrold's short, vigorous, sharply written book on the forces which he believes to have built and threatened his native land. And if you know much of England, you had better read

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"THE WEATHER IS ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING"

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten characters in literature who were concerned with various conditions of weather. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 30.

1. Shortly after entombing his recently deceased twin sister in a vault under the house this tortured man opened a casement window through which came a gust of wind that almost lifted him and his visitor from the floor.
2. Seeking refuge from the rain in a department store, this man bought perfume from a saleslady who later became his second wife.
3. During the almost constant downpour on a Samoan island she persisted in playing a gramophone.
4. He laughed scornfully when an old sailor warned him to put into port and froze to death in the wintry wind.
5. The three hours he was lost in the London fog furnished this American short-story writer with the background for a tale he fabricated at the exclusive Grill Club.
6. An hour or so before this professional artist was murdered in Clapham he finished writing an account of the day's happenings in which he mentioned that the heat was enough to drive one mad.
7. In the midst of thunder and lightning these two conquering generals listened to amazing prophecies.
8. After he had almost starved to death on a snowbound train, he lost his mind for several months and imagined that the twenty-four passengers had become cannibalistic gourmets.
9. Trapped in a disintegrating airship during a hurricane over the Atlantic, this Swiss employee of the League of Nations rescued his family by means of a balloon-raft and landed atop the Empire State Building.
10. This Tennessee gold prospector in Alaska was the only one of his band to complain of the sub-zero temperature.

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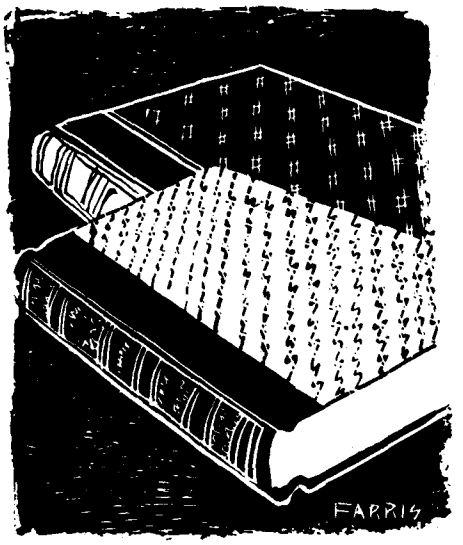
him for the shock and stimulation of his ideas. His is history that has been poured through a fine-meshed sieve. What is left are the nuggets, washed clear of the clutter of unimportant kings, indecisive wars, and outdated factional politics. At least, they gleam like nuggets by reason of the author's literary polish. But close examination is liable to disclose some iron pyrites, for Mr. Jerrold is committed to the dictum that England's history is replete with useful lessons that are ignored only at national peril. So it might be. But this use of history frequently carries its own perils — namely, that the author's personal opinions determine his historical examples without reference to the whole historical truth. Thus, because Mr. Jerrold deplores the virtually complete secularization of contemporary England, he tends (in my opinion, anyway) to overplay the good that religion and religious orientation may have done in the past while overlooking the furies that any balanced evaluation of British history must take into account. Similarly, for one so critical of twentieth-century statesmanship by secular gentlemen — the "Future" of this book's title is black indeed — Mr. Jerrold is surprisingly gentle toward the political machinations of the thirteenth-century clerics who fomented the later Crusades.

Withal, Mr. Jerrold can take some advanced and breathcatching views. His treatment of the Magna Carta, for instance, is revised with a vengeance: "In its positive provisions the Great Charter was still-born because it asked too much and gave too little. In this respect it is a classic of political imbecility. The baronage . . . failed altogether in their effort at a *reactionary* constitutional revolution, which, if it had succeeded, would have thrown the country back to the anarchy which preceded the Conquest."

—P. R. L.



NEW EDITIONS

HAROLD BAYLEY'S extraordinary work, "The Lost Language of Symbolism," first published in 1912 and long out of print, is now back in circulation (Barnes & Noble, 2 vols., $10). It begins and continues as a study of paper-makers' watermarks, as they were used from 1282, when they first appeared, down to the second half of the eighteenth century; but the scope and ramifications of this study are surprisingly extensive, as is indicated by the sub-title—"An Inquiry Into the Origin of Certain Letters, Words, Names, Fairy-Tales, Folklore, and Mythologies." Indeed, the author declares that, although his nearly 1,500 illustrations are all reproductions of "hitherto-uninterpreted printers' marks and paper-marks," he has taken all symbolism as his province.

Mr. Bayley believes that watermarks, which are now of purely commercial significance, were for some five centuries hieroglyphics that constituted "a coherent and unbroken chain of emblems," and that these emblems may now be studied as "thought-fossils or thought-crystals, in which lie enshrined the aspirations and traditions of the numerous mystic and puritanic sects by which Europe was overrun in the Middle Ages." He believes further that, "The awakening known as the Renaissance was the direct result of an influence deliberately and traditionally exercised by paper-makers, printers, cobblers, and other artisans," who were heirs to the secret heretical or pre-Reformation Protestant beliefs and teachings transmitted from generation to generation by the esoteric emblems employed in their trades. Mr. Bayley examines and interprets a host of more or less familiar symbols, such as the globe and the cross, the star, the swastika, the wheel, the unicorn, the hand, the twin peaks, the cock, the beetle, the sword of the spirit, and the helmet of salvation; his reports of explorations into the world of mythology, folklore, and fairy-tale are concerned with such diverse subjects, among a multitude of others, as the tales of Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk, the myths of various sets of "heavenly twins," the Tree of Life, Atlantis, Horus, the Song of Solomon, Brahma, the Bird of Fire, sacred stones and rocks, Osiris, and the Millennium.

The store of recondite learning contained in these volumes is vast. It would take a corps of experts to check the accuracy of every one of Mr. Bayley's facts and interpretations, to note every occasion on which he takes off from solid ground into the heady air of wishful fancy. But one does not have to be an expert to be sure that his explanation of the Renaissance is unacceptable to most students of that period, or to be equally sure that the etymological associations and arguments, on which he relies so heavily, are often as unscientific, as fantastic, as they are ingenious. However, no matter what the proportions of truth and pure speculation in "The Lost Language of Symbolism" may be, there is no doubt that it is a fascinating, intellectually exciting work.

The second edition of M. F. Ashley Montagu's "An Introduction to Physical Anthropology" (Charles Thomas, Springfield, Illinois, $8.75) fulfills abundantly and in detail the promise of its title. Revised in the light of new discoveries regarding human evolution, containing a greatly enlarged section on anthropological measurements, lavishly illustrated, and furnished with many charts and tables, this authoritative work furnishes fresh fire-power to the repudiation of the theory of orthogenetic evolution and the complementary idea of "missing links."

Thoreau's perennial "Walden" flowers again, this time with charming illustrations by Henry Bugbee Kane and an introduction by Basil Willey (Norton, $4). John Steinbeck's "The Log from the Sea of Cortez" (Viking, $4) contains the narrative portions from Steinbeck's and Rickett's "Sea of Cortez" (1941), and a lively new profile, "About Ed Ricketts," the original of the famous "Doc" of "Cannery Row." E. Merton Coulter's "College Life in the Old South" (Georgia, $4.50) is a valuable piece of Americana, but more limited to the history of the University of Georgia than the title would indicate. For Thirkell fans Knopf has boxed "High Rising" and "Wild Strawberries" ($5). Marcia Davenport, introducing a new edition of Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth," rightly rates this masterpiece above "Ethan Frome." Joan Robinson soundly introduces Agnes Schwarzschild's translation of Rosa Luxemburg's "The Accumulation of Capital" (Yale, $5). —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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GREATEST RESOURCE

(*Continued from page 8*)

tural History of Mankind" is still in its embryonic stage. Meanwhile many other aspects of UNESCO's cultural program are proceeding at full speed. That program has as its basic aim the creation of favorable conditions for intellectual interchange and cooperation among all countries. After three years of consultation among member governments UNESCO has completed a first draft of a Universal Copyright Convention to protect the rights of authors and other creative artists throughout the world. The text has now been sent to governments for study and comment, with a view to adoption of the Convention sometime in 1952. Another projected international convention, still in the drafting stage, is designed to reduce the obstacles to free movement of persons traveling for educational, scientific, or cultural purposes.

UNESCO has a coupon plan which makes it easier for citizens in countries suffering from hard-currency shortages to buy books, scientific apparatus, and cultural material from other lands. In addition, UNESCO aids the CARE book plan furnishing gifts of books to dollar-poor countries. Several countries, in keeping with the UNESCO idea, are facilitating the entry of these materials across their boundaries. Thus, Colombia has ensured duty-free entry to all UNESCO books, publications, and other educational, scientific, and cultural materials consigned to approved institutions; India has reduced by two-thirds the postal rate on newspapers mailed abroad; many countries have extended their international newspaper exchange service. Other UNESCO projects designed to promote and intensify practical exchanges in the fields of art and literature include: a recent publication entitled "International Directory of Photographic Archives of Works of Art," which inventories photographic reproductions at present available in various countries; a series of catalogues of music on records, of which there are three categories—classical Western music (the Chopin catalogue is already published), classical Eastern music, and folk music; an annual publication entitled "Index Translationum," which lists all the works translated during the preceding year in each member state.

In the field of the sciences—social and physical—UNESCO has already made one epochal contribution, "The UNESCO Statement on Race," on which Professor Ashley Montagu reported in *The Saturday Review* some time ago ["Antidote to Barbarism," *SRL* Aug. 19, 1950]. But the "Statement" must be implemented with practical measures, and UNESCO is doing all it can to study and reduce the social tensions between peoples that can lead to war. Last year the Government of India requested UNESCO's help in reducing the social tensions rampant throughout the subcontinent. Professor Robert Murphy, of Columbia University, was sent to the sub-continent as a UNESCO specialist. He trained six Indian teams in the techniques of studying religious and political tensions. In line with the "Statement on Race," UNESCO is conducting an extensive survey of social relations in Brazil which will show affirmatively that the color line need be no bar to human advancement. Mention should also be made of two other scientific projects still in the planning stage which have been aided by UNESCO: an International Computation Center, to be located in Rome, which will provide an electronic calculator for small countries unable to build one on their own, and the creation of a European nuclear-research laboratory where a dozen nations will pool resources to conduct theoretical studies in atomic physics.

The U. S. National Commission for UNESCO, which is now meeting in New York, endeavors to popularize the work of UNESCO throughout the nation. We are not the only country to have set up such a commission, but there is none that undertakes so wide a program. While there are no measures of the number of American schools using UNESCO materials, the demand for teaching aids has been such as to reveal that teachers all over the country are very receptive. "The UNESCO Story," produced by the U. S. Commission for classroom use, has been in great demand.

UNESCO has certainly been a success in the classrooms of the United States. Much the same can be said regarding use of UNESCO materials around the world. Schools have taken seriously the challenge to prepare a generation for a peaceful world. Teachers and administrators have found UNESCO books and pamphlets well adapted for pupils. Requests for tons of UNESCO materials and expressions of appreciation for them have come from all parts of the world. Unfortunately, UNESCO must operate on a budget of $8,500,000. In other words, it has the task of achieving a peace-minded world population on a budget that would carry the school system in an American city of about 250,000. Of course, this doesn't make sense, and today UNESCO is assisting towards international mindedness largely those peoples who are inclined that way. Good neighbors in the world are perhaps better neighbors because of UNESCO. But many people in key areas are not reached and cannot be influenced by the type of program to which UNESCO is restricted.

Fortunately UNESCO has avoided the mere voting of resolutions that may be good for a day or two but get nowhere in achieving a peaceful world or community. It has initiated concrete programs, many of which hold great future promise. But it is very possible that UNESCO has tackled too many projects in view of its limited budget and personnel. We would do well to redetermine what we want UNESCO to undertake and then provide it with the requisite facilities and funds to do a thorough job.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Roderick Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe. 2. Stephen Haines, in "The Women," by Clare Boothe. 3. Sadie Thompson, in "Rain," by Somerset Maugham. 4. The Skipper, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 5. Ripley Sears, in "In the Fog," by Richard Harding Davis. 6. James Clarence Withencroft, in "August Heat," by W. F. Harvey. 7. Macbeth and Banquo, in "Macbeth," by William Shakespeare. 8. The Narrator, in "Cannibalism in the Cars," by Mark Twain. 9. Paul Robinson, in "Swiss Family Manhattan," by Christopher Morley. 10. Sam McGee, in "The Cremation of Sam McGee," by Robert W. Service.

UNESCO Booklist

The following UNESCO publications, mentioned in the above article, are only a few of the many issued in connection with the organization's work. A catalogue listing all UNESCO publications is available from the Columbia University Press, New York, or from UNESCO, 19, avenue Kléber, Paris 16, France.

COPYRIGHT BULLETIN (UNESCO quarterly). New York: Columbia University Press. 50c *per copy,* $1.80 *per year. It contains* regular reports on developments in the field of international copyright (including the UNESCO program for a Draft Universal Convention).

CATALOGUE OF EASTERN MUSIC. New York: Columbia University Press, early Spring. A catalogue of recorded classical and traditional Indian Music.

L'OEUVRE DE FREDERIC CHOPIN (in French only). Paris, France: Editions de la Revue Disques, 59-61 *rue la Fayette.* 690 *francs.* A catalogue of Chopin on records (compiled in 1949).

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHIVES OF WORKS OF ART (bilingual). Dunod, Editeur, 92 *rue Bonaparte, Paris* 6. 1,800 *francs.*

INDEX TRANSLATIONUM. New Yark: Columbia University Press. $4.

THE UNESCO STORY. Washington. Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office. 55c.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 12)

lied to the support of Sybil and her child. A singularly obtuse Julia, deciding to hurry legal action, called upon Sybil to state the situation was urgent. The result was that Sybil changed her mind, announced that she refused to sue, and Julia was promptly deserted by a Philip already bored.

Sybil did not return to Philip immediately, but eventually they were reconciled and worked out a pattern of living together. On their eighth wedding anniversary Sybil discovered that people—specifically her own and her husband's family—no longer possessed the power to embarrass or intimidate her. Whether she had actually slain her dragons, perceived them to be stuffed puppets of her imagination, or elected to avoid them by traveling a back road is not clear.

It is frankly exasperating not to be able to warm up to Sybil in her role of heroine. The sense of frustration is due in part to a peculiar vague quality that washes out definite impressions. Mr. Auchincloss is writing against a New York and Long Island backdrop, but city and shore alike lack authentic atmosphere. Similarly, although Sybil and Philip are married in 1941, except for a brief interlude allowed the war, time may be said to stand still. Sybil, in spite of her fondness for bars, refuses to emerge as a modern young woman; in the world of Edith Wharton she would be more at home.

Fiction Notes

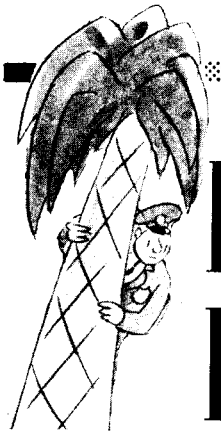
JADE STAR. By Manuel Komroff. William Sloane. $3. This is a harmless tidbit of oriental romance, set in Cathay in the times of the fabulous Kublai Khan. Mr. Komroff is known to have had a continuous interest in the Khan and his history, and it is a pity that he has not come up with something more substantial than this rather fluffy tale. Jade Star, beautiful daughter of a poor schoolmaster, is seen by the commissioners of the great Khan, and they bring her to him at his court in

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEADLY BELOVED *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2.50)	N. Y. dentist, addicted to profitable marriages, takes on one too many; neighbors and police combine to pull net tight.	View-from-within treatment effective when given chance; sub-plots retard pace at times.	Rates plus mark
BEHIND THE CRIMSON BLIND *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.50)	Sir Henry Merrivale, chatty and barrel-shaped pryer, descends on Tangier to look into international gem-lifting project.	Vacationing Yank gal has share in general agitation; Sir Henry keeps calling her "my wench"; much hue, cry, and dialogue.	For Carter Dickson fans
CALENDAR OF CRIME *Ellery Queen* (Little Brown: $2.75)	Twelve short stories, each tailored to the proper month: income tax in March, Hallowe'en party in October—like that.	Antiquarian flavor strong throughout — history, folklore, erudition linked with detection.	Nice olio
FALLEN ANGEL *Walter Ericson* (*Howard Fast*) (Little Brown: $2.50)	N. Y. cost accountant is involved in flurry of thuggery after boss's out-of-window demise; bones crunch, bodies crumple.	Narrator's blackout no help to reader, who tends to drown in sea of atmosphere.	Too cosmic
THE LAST RESORT *Van Siller* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Ill-heeled British playyouth, living from cocktail to cocktail in Bermuda, runs into real trouble among local smart set.	Background realistic, cast palpably ditto, but occasionally tiresome (as who isn't?).	Overchatty
THE BLACK GARDENIA *Elliot Paul* (Random House: $2.50)	Jealousy and other emotions tear rift in Hollywood soundtrack; Homer Evans turns up bad actor.	Cast too colossal; considerable gastronomy and erudition; background knowledgeable; action rather placid.	He's done better

—SERGEANT CUFF.



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Kambalu. On the way they are waylaid by the feared outlaw, Raw Iron, who kills one of the commissioners and sends an insolent, challenging message to the Khan. Jade thus arrives at court in a moment of tension, attracts the Khan's interest, and is made one of his "jewels," his concubines. There develop now two separate lines of conflict: Jade Star's bid for power at court and Raw Iron's quixotic struggle against the Khan. The Khan wins out in both cases, with an uncharacteristic subtlety in each instance. Jade Star is unmasked as a scheming wench and sent off packing, married to a vulgar merchant for punishment; and Raw Iron, seen by the Khan to be a rarely honest man, is made one of the chief councillors, and thus disarmed. The great Khan, then, is offered to us in the guise of a modern, perhaps Shavian hero, a man of wit, perception, and restraint, while Jade Star, his little concubine, is very like one of those forthright little wenches out of Faith Baldwin. It is, again, a harmless conceit, with more plot than history in it, more tinsel than trappings.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

WEEK-END AT DUNKIRK. By Robert Merle. Translated by K. Rebillon-Lambley. Knopf. $3. This novel won the Prix Goncourt in 1949 when it was published in France. It is about the last two days in the life of Julien Maillat, a sergeant in the French army, who is smack in the middle of the human and material debris that were forced on to the beaches of Dunkirk at the end of May 1940.

By this time Maillat has decided that, although he was a fairly happy man before the war, he is now living in a void; life has lost all meaning for him. And so he attempts what is really a half-hearted escape, but his boat is burnt to the water by German stukas. The rest of the time he spends talking about War and Life with the sundry soldiers and civilians he runs into around the beach, as though he were sitting in on various college philosophy seminars. The outcome of these group meetings is that the book gradually becomes a kind of tract in favor of the philosophy of nothingness, or Existentialism. Between preachments, however, and before Maillat is killed by a bomb, we are given a few intense glimpses of the black body of war. Maillat sleeps with an itinerant Polish girl, kills two rapists, and commits rape himself—an excruciating and extremely well handled scene — and learns shortly before his death that his best friend has been decapitated by a stray shell.

M. Merle's novel is a passably written retread of the gloomy things M. Sartre likes to write about. It will not get anything equivalent to the Prix Goncourt in this country.

—WHITNEY BALLIETTE.

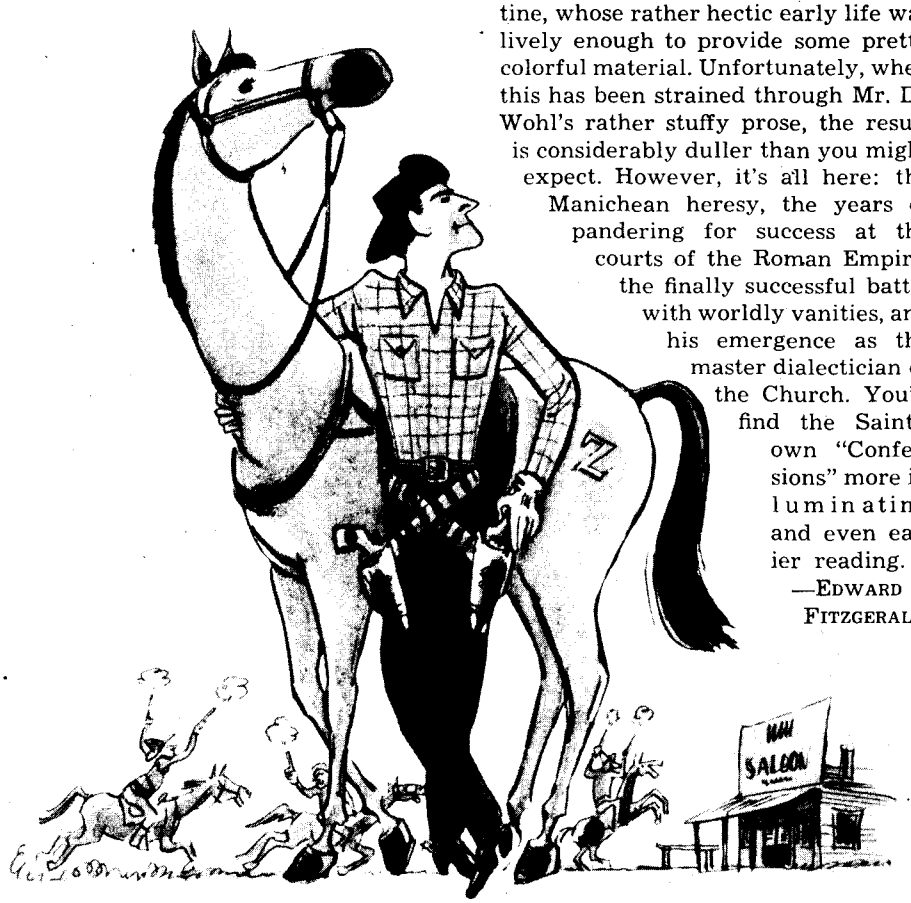
MISTER ZIP. By H. Allen Smith. Doubleday. $2.75. Mr. Smith, who has been known to wrest humor from such improbable sources as his own surname, has now taken on the movies and been thrown for what must be recorded as a very dead loss. "Mister Zip" starts out as satire—in the strictly collegiate sense—and ends up with a burlesque of the Western movie that is supposed to have you in stitches. Unfortunately, not even Mr. Smith can be funnier than a Western movie. As for the basic situation—a young actor who falls for the mythology he is helping to create —there was once a book called "Merton of the Movies." It was very funny. "Mister Zip" isn't.

FREEDOM RUN. BY Arthur Herbert. Rinehart. $2.50. The Russians seem to be getting into everything these days. Now they are invading our Western story. But since the time is the last century and Captain Zachary Sain is on hand to fight them off we need not get too concerned. The Russians are, in fact, about the only novelty in this fairly routine horse opera, which contains the standard assortment of marauding Indians, noble frontiersmen, and heaving horses. There are also some love complications of a sort, involving the beautiful blonde Lucy Pierce, who keeps getting in the way of the sterner stuff we have on hand. The writing in this one is perhaps a little more awkward than usual.

THE PROPER BOHEMIANS. By Edith Templeton. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. Here is a rather light-hearted celebration of a way of life that is no more. The Birk-Borovec household was pretty run down but still clinging to the pretensions and forms of its earlier splendor. The complications by which they kept going, their slips and stratagems, provide the scaffolding on which Miss Templeton hangs her gallery of eccentric portraits, and a rather engaging gallery it is. I think you'll like Grandma Ida in particular. But don't overlook Bettine, who is considerably shrewder than you might think at first glance. Miss Templeton occasionally gives an indication of wanting to say something a little more substantial than she has allowed herself to do, but mostly she's content to amble along in an amiably frivolous manner, which should cause you no pain.

THE RESTLESS FLAME. By Louis de Wohl. Lippincott. $3. Mr. De Wohl, who has already covered St. Thomas Aquinas, is now concerned with St. Augustine, whose rather hectic early life was lively enough to provide some pretty colorful material. Unfortunately, when this has been strained through Mr. De Wohl's rather stuffy prose, the result is considerably duller than you might expect. However, it's all here: the Manichean heresy, the years of pandering for success at the courts of the Roman Empire, the finally successful battle with worldly vanities, and his emergence as the master dialectician of the Church. You'll find the Saint's own "Confessions" more illuminating and even easier reading.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.



—From the jacket sketch by Leo Hershfield.

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In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Concensus*
ANGELS WITH SPURS *Paul I. Wellman* (Permabooks: 35c)	General Jo Shelby and a thousand Confederate veterans endure harrowing experiences on a march into Mexico in search of a cause to serve (Juarez or Maximilian?).	Skilful blend of history, romance, and derring-do.
COLORADO *Louis Bromfield* (Bantam: 25c)	Love and melodrama, wealth and squalor in Silver City, Colorado, in the 1880's.	Highly readable romance, second-rate Bromfield.
THE DELICATE PREY *Paul Bowles* (Signet: 25c)	Seventeen short stories by the author of "The Sheltering Sky" laid in places as various as North Africa, the South American jungle, midtown Manhattan; most of them treat the conflict of the civilized with the primitive.	Bowles's consummate artistry provides variety and excitement; keeps his revolting, horrible themes from becoming cheap or banal.
DOLLAR COTTON *John Faulkner* (Bantam: 25c)	The rise and ruin of Otis Town, self-made Mississippi cotton magnate, aided and abetted by his socially ambitious wife and three worthless children.	Memorable as a case study of a successful planter, flawed as a novel by overuse of melodrama and coincidence.
THE GOD THAT FAILED *Edited by Richard Crossman* (Bantam: 25c)	Six writers—Arthur Koestler, Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, André Gide, Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender—all of whom were at one time Communists or sympathizers, give the reasons for their disillusionment with Communism.	Fascinating, significant volume, offering enlightening insight into the intellectual life of our time.
THE PRINCE *Nicoló Machiavelli* (Mentor: 35c)	The technique of winning, holding, and exerting political power explained by a sixteenth-century Florentine nobleman. Translation by Luigi Ricci and E.R.P. Vincent, introduction by Christian Gauss.	As this 400-year-old book has been adopted as a bible by modern dictators, it should be read by everyone seeking to understand the twentieth century.
THE SHINING MOUNTAINS *Dale Van Every* (Bantam: 35c)	The betrayal and subsequent salvation of Matt Moore, young American trader, by his French friend Baptiste in the trans-Mississippi West of Lewis and Clark.	Familiar plot and background material handled with some freshness and considerable vigor.
A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR (ORDEAL BY FIRE) *Fletcher Pratt* (Pocket: 35c)	The War Between the States in one volume, with emphasis on military strategy.	Vivid, fast-paced narrative, offering little new evidence, but embodying a number of errors of fact. Useful as an introduction to the subject.
THE SYMPOSIUM *Plato* (Penguin: 50c)	New translation by W. Hamilton of Plato's dramatic dialogue "The Symposium" or "Dinner-Party," dealing primarily with love and incidentally with Athenian social life and Socrates.	A must for every library.
THE TREES *Conrad Richter* (Bantam: 25c)	The migration of one pioneer family from Pennsylvania to the virgin forest land of Southeastern Ohio at the close of the eighteenth century.	Superior historical novel, an early work of the 1950 Pulitzer Prize winner. Vivid characters and authentic situations presented in spare lyric style.
WALK WITH THE DEVIL *Elliott Arnold* (Pocket: 25c)	Honor vs. expediency acted out in wartime Italy by two Italian-American brothers, one an ex-gangster deported to his native land, the other a U. S. Army Intelligence officer.	Smashing good yarn notable for its acidly etched characterizations, admirably drawn background, and cumulative excitement.
WOMAN OF THE WORLD (THEATRE) *W. Somerset Maugham.* (Bantam: 25c)	A brilliant, middle-aged star of the London stage adroitly maneuvers her way in and out of a series of love affairs.	Absorbing, rapidly moving story, notable for its craftsmanship and comic irony, lacking in human warmth.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

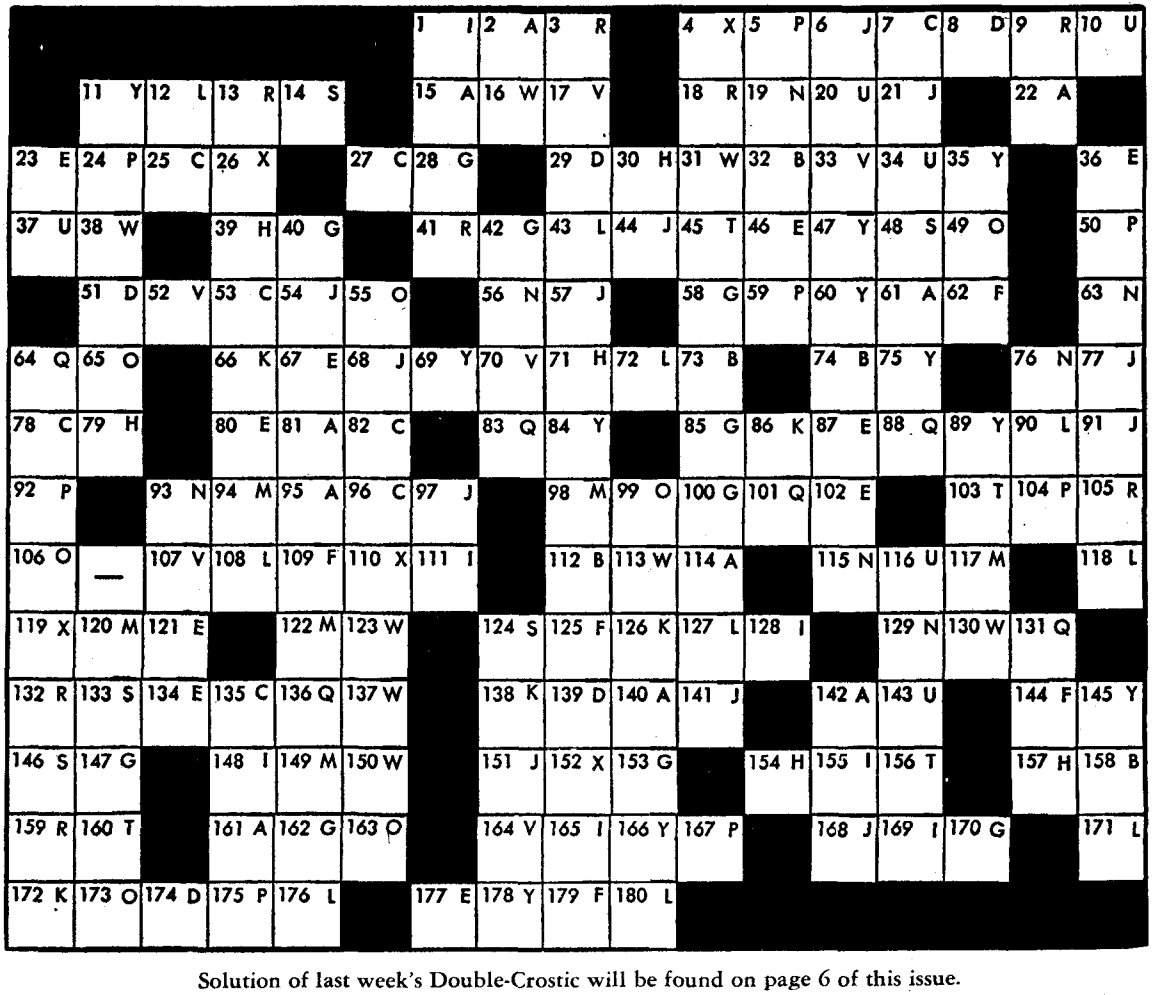
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Stiffened; inflexible.	140 2 22 95 61 142 15 81 114 161
B. One of the Three Musketeers.	112 73 158 74 32
C. The cynosure.	96 27 82 7 25 135 78 53
D. Made the calling sound ordinarily made by cattle.	174 139 51 8 29
E. Netherlands-born English painter (1836-1912; comp.).	36 87 23 177 121 80 46 102 67 134
F. The color antique red.	144 179 62 109 125
G. Having a definite form; not effuse (bot.).	170 28 40 162 58 85 153 42 147 100
H. A cry used in urging hounds after their quarry (local U.S.).	79 157 30 154 39 71
I. Where Julius Caesar defeated the Pompeians, 46 B.C.	1 169 148 165 111 155 128
J. Resembling an eruption, as a rash (med.).	68 44 57 54 21 6 77 97 151 91 141 168
K. Lacking life, spirit, zest.	126 66 86 172 138
L. Easy; smooth.	127 43 171 108 180 90 118 12 72 176
M. Italian painter and engraver in Paris associated with Meissonier (1846-84).	149 122 98 117 94 120
N. Chief river in Ireland.	76 93 63 115 19 56 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Separated.	49 99 163 65 55 173 106
P. British colony with Tobago in W. Indies, off Venezuela.	5 59 104 167 24 92 50 175
Q. French painter, reputed leader of the impressionists (1841-1919).	131 136 64 83 88 101
R. Intoxicated.	3 132 105 18 13 9 159 41
S. Shrub bearing berrylike drupes from which a sweet-wine is made.	124 48 14 133 146
T. Punch's dog in a Punch-and-Judy show.	156 45 103 160
U. An officer attending on Macbeth.	10 34 143 20 116 37
V. Eccentric.	52 164 17 33 107 70
W. Not associated with a certain religious order in ancient Gaul, Britain, Ireland.	123 130 137 38 113 16 31 150
X. Animals of the genus *Capra*, family Bovidae.	110 119 152 26 4
Y. Bread or its equivalent (3 wds.).	35 69 145 178 84 166 89 11 47 75 60

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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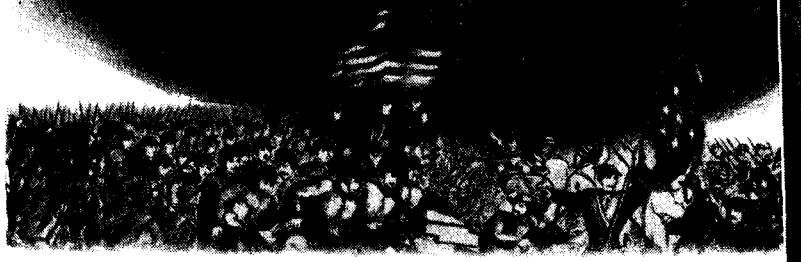

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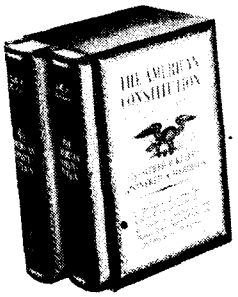

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SRL / RECORDINGS SECTION

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The XYZ's of LP

GODDARD LIEBERSON

Goddard Lieberson

AT ONE point in recent turbulent recording history the use of two heads on the phonograph pickup was seriously considered. Experiment and research eventually demonstrated this was undesirable, but subsequent developments indicate that two heads for the recording executive might well be appreciated.

In this age of quickly shifting moral, ethical, and artistic standards it seems to me (unless it is just that I am getting old) that we are in an era which offers very little in the way of stability. I suppose there is no reason why the phonograph record should escape the dilemmas faced by all of the other aspects of mid-twentieth-century life. But whether I suppose it or not, the phonograph record has *not* escaped, a fact to which I can testify with considerable alacrity, since I am directly in the middle of the dilemma.

Goddard Lieberson, composer and author, is vice president of Columbia Records in charge of classical repertory.

Recently, the editor of RECORDINGS offered some valuable advice to record buyers under the title of "ABC's of LP's" [*SRL* Nov. 24]. He suggested some fundamental facts that purchasers might bear in mind when buying records—a distinct public service. But I think there are increasingly more and more unknown facts (XYZ's) about record-making which might well be presented to the purchasing public.

I must, first of all, make quite clear that any of the irritation which might seep into what has already been said or what follows is not to be confused with a reluctance to face competition. Not that I subscribe to the sentimental idea that competition is just jolly, most welcome, and terribly stimulating; and should be greeted with signs reading: "This way to free coffee and cake for competitors." To be thoroughly honest, competitors are a nuisance in our business, just as they are in other businesses, especially when they are good—and some of our new ones, not to mention the old, historical ones, are very good indeed. But competition is not unexpected in business life, and one accepts it.

The question is, rather, one of standards. What are the standards that prevail in this industry? Is something good because it hasn't been done before, or only if it is done better than it has been done before? What kind of sound makes a good record? What kind of piece makes good repertory? Are we still striving to achieve perfection in performance, or is the mere fact that a work is good, and important, and not previously available sufficient reason for putting out a record with faults that would never have been tolerated pre-long playing discs? Finally, who buys records and for what reason? (If that last seems a frivolous question—it shouldn't. There are people who like, and buy, all kinds of music. There are also people who prefer bird calls and the obscure sound of a clarinet in a high register or a triangle played *pianissimo* to every other auditory experience.)

The answers to these questions are about as easy to unearth as a penny in a bucket of molasses. The introduction of long playing microgroove discs in June 1948—for which Columbia is both proud and responsible—introduced a variety of new factors into the business. It also created a whole new series of artistic considerations to which critics and consumers have reacted with a wholesale disregard for previous conventions. The divergence of taste would be delightful, if it were not also perplexing.

Here are some of the changed conditions the record maker must face

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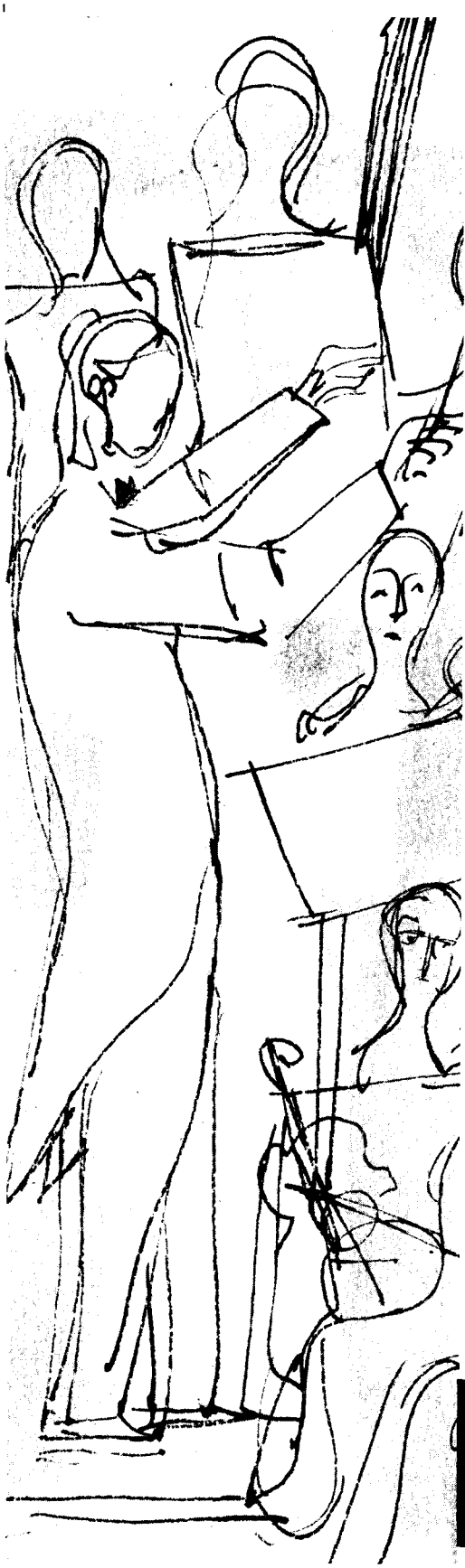

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after three years of 33-1/3 rpm discs, verging onto four. Recorded music is cheaper per minute of music than ever before, which means that the consumer's budget buys more minutes per expenditure than previously. Thus, the available standard repertory is more quickly consumed than in the past.

The economies of long playing records have created a new audience—students, teachers, etc.—who found old-style records too expensive. Their interest centers chiefly on the esoteric and the unusual.

The technical advances of recording since the war have given a mushroom growth to the audience interested in high-fidelity sound. Whereas some criteria of value might be applied to the previous categories, this is one in which no standards exist. What is startling today is distortion tomorrow—and without standard means of measurement there are as many different kinds of high fidelity as there are listeners and opinions.

A final element of change the record-maker has to reckon with is tape recording, and the ease with which portable equipment can be moved to European sources. The results may or may not be competitive, technically; but the methods are wholly non-competitive. And there are good, sound reasons why the larger companies cannot compete in this way of record-making, which I will deal with presently.

Our observation at Columbia has been, with the rise of long playing discs, that the record-buying public is divided roughly into three parts. There is a large group interested almost exclusively in the chanson populaire and the chanson hillbilly. There is a large—and growing—public which fancies Strauss waltzes and "Rhapsody in Blue" but is constantly graduating to Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Brahms, Beethoven, and Mozart. There is a much smaller—but also growing—audience for Bartók and Berg, the complete works of Haydn and Bach, for esoterica of all sorts. (I must say here, so that I will not be considered a Philistine, that I am personally part of the last group, so far as my own taste is concerned.)

I can readily recall the time, pre-33-1/3, when I turned pages for Bela Bartók as he recorded his own piano works for Columbia, and I can also recall wondering at the time if the public would buy the finished product. Not many did. For issuing such Bartók works, as well as Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," the Alban Berg Violin Concerto, the music of Aaron Copland and Roy Harris, Columbia was regarded as somewhat rashly avant-garde. While others of that era were being prematurely anti-Fascist, I suppose we were being prematurely esoteric. Today we proceed with releases of "Wozzeck" or the Bartók quartets; they don't sell like "South Pacific," but more people are buying that sort of repertory than ever before. Nothing could please me more.

BUT one irrefutable and disturbing fact remains. It is still not economically sound for a large American recording company to engage extensively in the making of such repertory in the United States. Costs are too great, and returns too slow. A venture costing X dollars in this country could only be liquidated after four years' sales; the same venture, costing Y dollars in Europe, could be liquidated after four months' sales.

Then why not record more in Europe? The answer to that has overtones of public service that are seldom considered in this peculiar business. In common with other large companies, Columbia has contracts not only with individuals, but also with organizations filling important community functions. The large symphony orchestras in this country with recording contracts depend a good deal on royalties from their records to piece out their yearly income. It is well known that such income is never sufficient for the budget; if record royalties decline, these orchestras will suffer even greater financial hardship. Consequently, at some point it involves the employment of musicians. We are thus partners in the problem of keeping the American musician from becoming an extinct species.

An expected allegation will be: "But you, too, import European recordings. How is that different from the procedures of the small company?" We do import some European recordings, as other large companies do. But it is on an exchange basis, in which European affiliates accept a certain number of American-made records for sale there. Thus there are royalties coming back to American orchestras and artists which balance, in some degree, what is paid out to European organizations.

The problem can be best summed up by citing a few figures. European musicians receive as little as $6.75 for a three-hour recording session (in Italy). The same session would cost $51.95 per man in America. Quite possibly, the same idea for repertory might occur to a recording man in Rome and in New York at the same time; but it is a much more financially feasible brainstorm in Rome than it is in New York. It is only recently that we had to abandon our plan for a recording by an American orchestra of Honegger's "Roi David" because it had been done by a smaller company in France and the first impact of sales would have been spent before our version

Box Score

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was produced—regardless of the eventual quality of the two issues.

Another part of the dilemma for which I would like to hear some answers is this: Is there a sliding scale of standards for record-makers, one for large companies making both standard and off-the-beaten-track repertory, and another for small companies making esoterica exclusively? Are records listened to for what they contain, or what they say on the labels about point of origin?

In recent years we seems to detect an attitude among consumers, and critics as well, in which anything recorded west of Vienna or Kingsway Hall, London, is marked down as inferior to the European product. We freely grant the superb quality of many European recordings and the artists that make them. As I have previously noted, we import them for these very reasons. But one wonders if, in some quarters, the prevailing temper might not be assuming proportions of fad and emotionalism, and if a truly fair audition is being given to the domestic product.

HERE we confront the question of standards and taste, consequently the whole subject of record critics and criticism. Plainly it is a subject upon which none but the most foolhardy of record company executives would ever expatiate. But even if it means signing this article "Foolhardy," I must speak of what I feel to be a very serious question at this time; namely, what are the standards against which we are working? And it is a question that concerns the critic more than any other person.

Are the standards those of the concert hall, the opera house, the theatre? Are they the standards of graphs and scientific measurement? Or are they simply standards established by subjective auditory experience? For my part, it has always seemed to me that a phonograph record is this: a mechanical device on which has been deposited music, speech, or other entertainment subject to re-creation at the player's pleasure. The mechanical device is important, but only as an instrument for what it contains.

If this is so, what do we expect it to contain? A recollection of a familiar sound (the concert hall)? Or a new sound, a world apart, heard only in the studio? We do know that all composers and most performers—even now—design their music and performances for live audiences in actual concert halls. Is the ideal then to reproduce the concert-hall sound? Or is it to capture more cycles per second or more transient percussion sound per groove?

Some of the answers will depend on the critic, his training and his perceptions. If the critic is only incidentally a record critic and basically a music critic, his reactions will be conditioned by concert-hall experience. He will listen to the record for the likeness of a sound with which he is familiar. Of late years, however, it sometimes seems that record reviewing has made music critics of some who have no other qualification than that they own a good phonograph—or perhaps don't own a good phonograph, as the case may be—but who have had scant experience as music critics, per se.

This does not mean that they don't have the right to an opinion, or the right, for that matter, to be music critics. But I do submit that they will listen to records with quite another expectation than those who have learned their lessons in the concert hall through years of listening to actual musical sound enriched by the kinetic force of human participation.

There are record reviews which speak of certain qualities of sound—let us say in a Haydn or Mozart symphony. Attention is directed to the presence of the oboe, the brilliance of the triangle, the faint murmuring of cellos. But is it not valid to ask what proportions Mozart or Haydn had in mind for the oboe, triangle, and cello relative to the clarinets, flutes, or percussion? Those proportions, we may be sure, did not take into consideration the use of special microphones for each of these instruments, or even a separate microphone for one particular effect.

OF course, orchestras and halls have changed since those days . I am quite sure that Beethoven would be surprised, perhaps pleased or perhaps horrified, but at the least surprised, to hear the enormous orchestras that play his music today. But, for recording purposes, the criteria of concert-hall sound seem to me to be the most appropriate.

It would be possible to judge music *on* a record simply as music *for* a record only if that music had been especially created *for* the purpose of recording. Perhaps this is the nirvana for which the high-fidelity fan yearns. Indeed, we may approach the time when it will seem purposeful for composers to write music especially for this medium, taking advantage of the myriad possibilities of new sound combinations, new devices in orchestration, and a new inventiveness imposed by limitations.

I would thoroughly approve, and sincerely hope that our creative musicians will some day see the possibility of inventing music exclusively for phonograph records. But until that day comes all of us should attempt to establish for ourselves, for the phonograph industry, and for the public at large an ideal standard towards which we can constantly strive.

Meanwhile our effort goes ahead, despite these numerous and confusing challenges. We are by no means floundering in a sea of confusion and musical malapropisms. But we are very often in the position of a dog chasing his own tail. This is reflected in a hash of duplicated, triplicated, and quadruplicated repertory, as well as the uncertainty in some critics' minds as to whether they are reviewing a work, a performance, or a feat of recording technique.

However, the saving virtue is that despite the travail, we are constantly realizing the main objective of the phonograph record: to provide entertainment, both musical and literary, for a public which is increasingly intelligent, increasingly receptive, and (delightfully enough) increasing.

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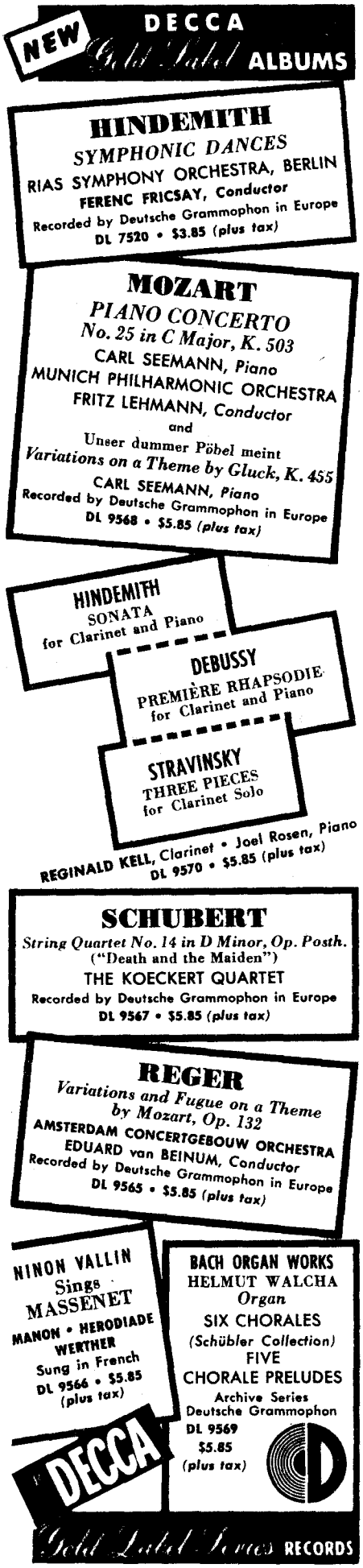

Spotlight on the Moderns

JOHN CAGE's "prepared piano" is, in a way, a first cousin, a chic, snobbish cousin, to the one-man band we occasionally encounter at street corners or carnivals. Its chief contribution is the possibility it offers a single player to command, with far less physical exertion than the one-man band, a percussion ensemble of lovely timbres evocative of oriental drums, gamelons, and gongs. This is achieved with the fingers on the keys after damping the strings with screws, rubber pads, and such. But having arrived this far, Cage does little more to exploit the new resources than his poor relation who tinkles the bells on his head-dress and claps the cymbals on his legs simply by strutting up and down.

The set of sixteen sonatas with four interludes (played by Maro Ajemian on Dial LP's 19 and 20, $$11.90) add up to a very lengthy demonstration of the instrument that might have been accomplished in a few minutes. It is like unwinding a whole bolt of fabric when a yard or so suffices to make the texture apparent. Cage relies on unconventional sonority as a disguise for what is either ineptitude in technique and invention or perverse negation of compositional problems. Where there is structure, it is that of a first-grade teaching piece or exercise played haltingly, and it is sad to see a few striking ideas go uncomposed (as in the Fifth Sonata). The music proceeds in starts and stops, and I can only recommend the lugubrious cumulative effect as a cure for insomniacs.

I am alarmed at the risk of these remarks, for nothing is so reassuring to a self-styled prophet and his coterie as critical disapproval. But trust me, dear reader, when I say I am no stranger or enemy to progress. The titillation of novel effects wears off when there is so little to support them. Nothing could be more reassuring in this regard than the coincidence of the appearance at the same time of twenty assorted piano pieces by Henry Cowell played by the composer (Circle LP 51-101, $5.95). These forerunners of Cage's experiments seem antediluvian indeed in their present revival. Cowell started meddling with piano strings by using the fingers on them, in contrast to Cage's damping materials. Cowell also evoked the "tone cluster," groups of contiguous keys punched with fist or fore-arm and producing sounds like those made by a baby with free run of the piano or by a trunk falling on the keys.

Next to Cage's pastels, Cowell's clusters are muddy oils. Audiences of the Twenties were amused and scandalized by them, especially by the visible gymnastics of arm action and of reaching into the piano's entrails, which prompted a New York paper to send a sports reporter to a Cowell concert. Take away the outer coat of clusters and what remains is often a naive Victorian salon piece. The eerie portamentos of "Banshee" would make fine background music for a mystery melodrama and the first tremolo of "Advertisement" is something of a find. Other pieces have their fireside sweetness. But the insistence on the rumbling bass is as tiresome as the deep arpeggios of Debussy's "Sunken Cathedral," which it so much resembles, would become if subjected to equal repetition.

The recording matches the shenanigans of the music with its own tricks, including a bonus of a seven-inch disc in a superimposed envelope that will delight those who miss the odd-sized inserts of the late *Flair* magazine. (Carrying Cowles to Cowell.) On it Cowell discusses his music, and in my copy a dip on each revolution creates a sliding retard which I thought for a fleeting moment was intentional—you have to be on your toes with these experimenters. But alas, it is a defective copy, and I am afraid our *avant-gardistes* are really a reactionary bunch, still tinkering with pianos when defects in pressing, scratched surfaces, and other record "preparations" offer so many possibilities—to say nothing of playing 33's at 78 rpm, etc.

THE world of Bela Bartók seems very far removed from that of the experimentalists, and yet in such a work as his "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" he coped with some of the same problems of finding new sonorities, with the one all-important difference that, far from being an end in themselves, they were among the means through which a weighty musical entity was communicated. That work was more daring, more explorative than either of the three Bartók works that make their first appearances on records in the current list. But in all of Bartók's music the calculation of sonority is a major factor, and the listener will find his expectations in this regard substantially fulfilled by the three newly recorded works: a Divertimento for String Orchestra (RCA LM 1185,

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William Primrose—"exemplary."

$5.72), the Viola Concerto (Bartók Records 309, $5.95), and "Deux Images," Bartók Records 305, $4.75).

The saga of Bartók's last years is a very touching one, including his death in the New York vicinity a few years ago at the height of his creative powers in unwarranted circumstances of obscurity and neglect. But equally touching are the devout efforts of his friend Tibor Serly, who has done so much as a conductor and editor to disseminate and keep alive the vast store of the Hungarian master's music, and of his son Peter, who has founded a little recording company with the chief aim of making his father's music easily available, though his activities are not restricted to this. The release of the Viola Concerto is a crowning achievement of these concerted efforts. Bartók's last work, it was left in an unorchestrated manuscript in a shorthand that took Mr. Serly many months to interpret. The orchestration took even longer, and over two years elapsed before a meticulously executed project was delivered to the violist William Primrose, who had commissioned it.

While remaining faithful to Bartók's style, Mr. Serly has, I suspect, given it a more streamlined orchestration than the composer would have written. But it works very well, and it is useless to speculate on the subtleties of detail Bartók might have conjured up. The work is in the rhapsodic vein of his Violin Concerto, expressing personal sentiment after the manner established for the genre by composers from Bruch to Bloch. It is more noble and distinguished in sentiment than his Violin Concerto, however. I am disturbed by the proportions. The first movement seems too long and the

(*Continued on page* 54)

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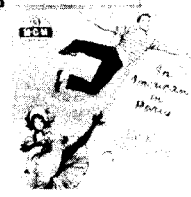

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LONG PLAYING
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—*Bill Gottlieb.*

—*Circle Sound, Inc.*

Muggsy Spanier (in 1946) and Jelly Roll Morton (in 1927)—"New Orleans to the core."

Monuments of the Great

LET us continue to inspect the monuments of the great. Some of the best hot records ever made are now being gathered on LP discs. For example, there are six sides of the late Jelly Roll Morton and His Red Hot Peppers (RCA Victor LPT 23, $3.15). These are "The Chant," "Doctor Jazz," "Georgia Swing," "Pontchartrain Blues," "Original Jelly Roll Blues," and "Black Bottom Stomp." They were made between 1926 and 1930. Jelly Roll Morton was a New Orleans man to the core, and so were his key bandsmen. He had in his lyrical head the whole wonderful mixed Crescent City musical heritage—Latin, African, West Indian, Anglo-Saxon. In his band records as in his piano performances you will hear many New Orleans strains—echoes of the cakewalk and the tango, the stomp and the drag. You will be at times, in effect, in the minstrel show, the street parade, the honky-tonk, the graveyard, the colored church, the bordello, or in some relaxed backyard in the Louisiana summer night. All this not by way of explicit musical "scenes"—Jelly Roll Morton was anything but a Ketelbey—but through the shifting traditional accents of the music.

Jelly Roll Morton believed in arranged music, as against wholly spontaneous jazz, and for the very good reason that he had numerous fascinating arrangements to contribute. But they framed a great deal of improvised solo and passage work, and the spirit of the Red Hot Peppers was profoundly spontaneous. The outstanding players included cornetists George Mitchell and Ward Pinkett, trombonist Kid Ory, clarinetist Omer Simeon, banjoist Johnny St. Cyr, and the tuba expert Bill Benford. At this point a word of warning may be in order for the benefit of newcomers searching their way in this field. At the first blush, to unaccustomed ears, the Red Hot Peppers may sound somewhat "old-fashioned." They have none of the bland, rich, full choir work of the swing bands, nor the massed power-play strength of the jump bands, nor the bizarre virtuosity of the be-bop bands. Among contemporary outfits, the Peppers are closest in feeling to the best small Dixieland combinations. But the Peppers have an unusually strong ragtime feeling, which suggests the past, and in general they hark back fondly to their own youth in the lyric city on the delta. In this corner, as regular readers will know, this is regarded as a great virtue. Jazz music may be moving away from New Orleans toward some more brilliant and inspiring capital, but I doubt it. In the middle Thirties when the impoverished Jelly Roll tried to organize more music along the Hot Pepper lines, the bright boys of Harlem laughed at him as obsolete. Today most of the music that the bright boys were making sounds glib and flashy and mechanical, while the Red Hot Peppers, in this estimation, wear like iron. They swing from riverboat shuffling to Louisana pastoral, and their playing is charged with individual talent and emotion. It is richly endearing.

Their old friend Sidney Bechet, who has made what seems like an astral

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number of records, now appears in a half dozen of his finest small band performances on a single LP disc (RCA Victor LPT 22, $3.15). Any record which Bechet makes is dominated by the soaring, mellifluous distinction of his soprano saxophone, and you will find him here in the superb stomp "Sweetie Dear," made in 1932, and in a delightful variety of first-class works dating from 1941. There are a gravely impulsive treatment of Duke Ellington's "The Moochie," versions of three popular numbers which just about wind up the subject matter—"Rose Room," "Lady Be Good," and "I'm Coming, Virginia"—, and a lovely piece of chamber jazz on the theme of "Strange Fruit." The bands around Sidney are of the highest buoyancy and interest, and they should be with such side men as trumpeters Tommy Ladnier and Charlie Shavers, drummers Manzie Johnson and Sidney Catlett.

MEN like the above have, of course, been a mighty influence on the white boys of New Orleans, and none has been more prompt to acknowledge the fact than Francis "Muggsy" Spanier. He is a great credit to his school. It is astonishing to think that he has been around now, in full control of the cornet, for a good thirty years. Perhaps his peak recording year was 1939, when his work with clarinetist Rod Kless, trombonist George Brunies, and others was immediately hailed as among the choicest efforts in Dixieland history. A second LP record of Spanier, 1939, is now available, including among others "Someday Sweetheart," "Lonesome Road," "Blu-in' the Blues," and "Black and Blue" (RCA Victor LPT 1000, $3.15). It would be hard to imagine a jazz band more beautifully balanced and clear in its polyphony; more forceful and ebullient in its rhythm. Spanier has always been one of the very greatest lead cornetists, and has always seemed to possess a Svengalian control over his trombonist, curbing the horseplay and bringing out the absolute purity of the tailgate style which lurks within George Brunies's large and raucous personality. Rod Kless was built to play with these two, and their various rhythm sections of 1939 were in keeping. If the band lacks any such staggering soloist as Louis Armstrong, it lacks nothing else.

I like to think that all of the foregoing would be perfectly satisfactory to the little Turk Murphy band in California, who have again filled this department's bill in "Little John's Rag" and "He's Just a Cousin of Mine" (Good Time Jazz 45, 89¢).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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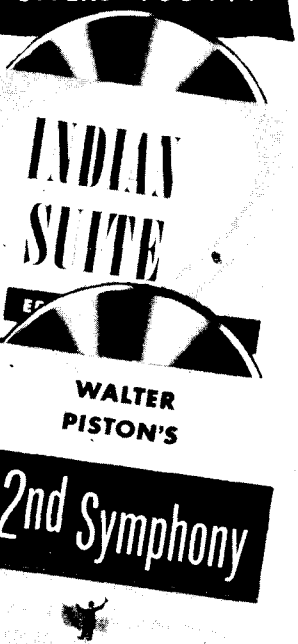

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—"La Chanson Française," Flemish school, 16th century.

From Machaut to Mozart

FROM Machaut to Mozart is no great distance by the alphabet, but by the reckoning of Father Time it is a span of four centuries. What this means in the development of musical performing style is a timely sermon topic, since quite by chance the Recording Angels have furnished us with a text.

Guillaume de Machaut's "Notre Dame Mass," for voices and instruments (1394), is the earliest known polyphonic mass composed throughout by one man (Concert Hall CHS 1107, $5.95). The sponsors have shown real acumen in engaging Gustave Reese, a world authority on medieval music, to furnish musicological background in the annotations. But he has concerned himself exclusively with the work itself, not with this particular performance under the direction of Paul Boepple. It would have been helpful to know just what Boepple's theories on traditions of performance are, especially in view of the rarity of published scores from which the listener could draw his own conclusions. In the matter of text the unprompted hearer is almost certain to become confused. Because of the very sonority of the sound he hears and the fact that the words are often broken in the middle by rests, also because the size of the Dessoff Choirs is far beyond that of any chorus Machaut knew, it is rarely easy to follow the text even if you know it. Then when long sections are vocalized rather than sung I think the hearer needs an explanation.

Our next composer by chronology is Josquin des Près (ca. 1445-1521), one of the giants of music, who opens a program of "Choral Masterpieces of the Renaissance" (Period SPLP 535, $5.95). Three groups of singers are concerned in this collection, which continues with music by Victoria, Sermisy, Passereau, Jannequin, Costeley, Farrant, Byrd, Gibbons, and Redford. Here we are on more familiar ground stylistically. It is good to hear such quiet, unforced singing as that of the Nonesuch Singers, so much spirit, fine diction, and apparent appreciation of the texts by the French Circle group, and honest English cathedral style in the work of the Open Score Society. If I am right in my impression that the last group is a small-sized boy choir, it prompts the old question why they do these things so much better in England. I propose a special vote of thanks for the Gibbons "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis."

The next two discs provide an example of the confusion possible to the editors of tapes. By the labels the first contains three psalms by Monteverdi (Period SPLP 536, $5.95), the second the "Dixit" (Psalm 100) of Vivaldi (Period SPLP 536, $5.95). Apparently the gremlins have been at work, for three unidentified movements following the last Monteverdi piece turn out to be sections of the Vivaldi. And as for the "Dixit," it is preceded by an elaborate (and well sung) tenor solo, to an Italian text. I trust the producers will set these matters to rights, for the singing (a solo group in the Monteverdi joined by a chorus in the Vivaldi) is really excellent, and well enough reproduced.

Needless to say that Bach's "Saint John Passion" (RCA Victor LM 6103, $16.35) is the most celebrated item in this collection. Conductor Shaw believes that in order to reach the greatest number of listeners such works should be sung in English. Not being satisfied with existing translations, he has taken what he considered the best of them—that of Henry S. Drinker—and, with an application of the King James Version, molded it the better to fit Bach's music. We now have a choice between last year's performance in German conducted by Grossmann for Vox and this one by Shaw in the vernacular. Such, happily, are the merits of each that if language is the all-important consideration the choice is clear cut. Shaw's tempos are in general more leisurely than Grossmann's but surprisingly the choral work emerges less clearly. I think the RCA engineers have not found the perfect microphone placement, for there is a tendency to overloading. In the choruses the use of the English language is not always a great advantage; it is often necessary to refer to the accompanying booklet to understand what is being sung. Not so with the soloists, especially Blake Stern, a first-rate Evangelist, though occasionally the weighty philosophical aria texts, fitted with difficulty to the music, are a little hard to follow. The Vox set uses harpsichord for continuo, the RCA organ.

AFTER this masterwork Bach's "Easter Oratorio" (Bach Guild BG 507, $5.95) is at a disadvantage, for it is definitely cut of less costly material. There is one lovely tenor solo in it, a kind of lullaby beginning "Sanfte soll mein Todeskummer," but most of the score might be leftovers from the better known choral works. Nevertheless, it is worth doing for the light it sheds on the total Bach. The performance is generally laudable, though there are some inadequacies especially in the singing of the solo tenor, and the balance, while not bad, is on the other hand not perfect. A little more rehearsal might have ironed out some rough spots in the orchestra.

An example of Mozart at his less impressive is furnished by two "Missae Breves," K.194 and K.220 (Vox PL 7060, $5.95). Both seem to have been written on order to fit specifications not conducive to lively inspiration. Einstein even senses in K.220 a certain defiance of Archbishop Colloredo, who could call the tune but not the spirit. Neither mass is performed in a manner to make it seem better than it is. The singers are a mixed quartet with Vienna Akademiechor and Symphony Orchestra under Ferdinand Grossmann.

—PHILIP L. MILLER.

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How High and How Low?

LAST month's disquisition on tonal balance may have explained to readers why so many peanut-sized and squirrel-voiced phonographs still continue to afford musical delight to connoisseurs, defying hi-fi. No highs, no lows—but at least there is balance, which means naturalness of a sort. As long as the two ends of the frequency (pitch) spectrum are tailored to match, the ear may well be pleased, even though the tailoring lop off all but the very middle itself.

What, then, does the tonal extension of the two extremes, in "hi-fi," contribute to our further enjoyment? Most of us are plenty clear now after some years of concentrated publicity as to what the "highs" have to offer—given correct balance and low distortion, we add hastily. In speech, the clarifying sibilant "S" sounds, the voice edge that defines personality. In music, a vast wealth of subtle overtone coloration, not absolutely essential for basic musical understanding (since that depends primarily on rhythm and fundamental pitches, both available via the smallest and cheapest radio), but—even so—greatly to be desired for complete enjoyment. Minus the highs, we can re-create tone colors and differentiate instruments by sheer imagination, given listening experience; but the job is fatiguing at best, and surely the sounds themselves are welcome in the reproduction. Good highs, like a sharp camera lens, add clarity and immediacy to music.

We can re-create absent lows too, in the listening, supplying sounds to the mind which are not in fact there at all. However, note well that such induced ear-bass is at best thin, weak, though quite intelligible. Once again, the reality is far better, given correct presentation. We can enjoy our music more fully and more easily, without a shadow of doubt, when we extend (and balance) both bass and treble range so that the mind has no re-creating to do at all, other than the somewhat foggy visual imagining of a concert hall or recording studio. But, this being an ideal situation, much affected in practice by considerations of hi-fi in the home, how high and how low should we go for easiest home listen-range so that the mind has no re-creating at a non-exorbitant price?

We can be musically quite positive about this, though audio enthusiasts may insist on the ultimate or nothing. Hearing ability varies greatly among us at the high end and degenerates with age. Young people hear well over 15,000 cycles; many musical people in middle age enjoy their music while missing all tones above 8,000 or so. But note a vital point here—the difference is less than an octave in a range far above the piano's top note. Not crucial! In general, for full musical enjoyment good highs to 10,000 are musically indistinguishable to most ears from those that go on up into the highest regions; an 8,000 cycle "cut-off" may be slightly less crisp on direct comparison, though musical values are scarcely affected for most people. Only below this range is tonal quality clearly altered; yet even so, most commercial phonographs produce little above 5,000 cycles, and still people enjoy the sound. The significant "hi-fi" range for any musical ear is roughly in the octave between 4,000 and 8,000. That octave we really need, and virtually all new recordings encompass it, though few phonographs.

BASS? Again, we need bass to balance highs. But how much? Fanfare is currently loud over the very bottom tones, in the 30 cycle range, available only via top flight equipment. Interesting sounds these, and impressive; but do not be misled. You will rarely find them independently in most music. I have spent hours lately looking for "good bass" in recordings—i.e., passages with sustained 30 to 40 cycle tones; they are scarce. The plain fact is that pure tone much below 60 or 70 cycles is not independently important in music, but plays a reinforcing role. True, the piano's bottom note is slightly above 25 cycles—but its sound is largely that of higher overtones. It is almost pitchless and depends on its upper octaves for musical sense. (Very low pitches are normally doubled in higher octaves unless used primarily for percussion.)

Low bass in the concert hall is one thing and in the living room phonograph another. Not only must we tailor our bass to match the treble, usually deficient. Really low bass reproduction invites numerous major troubles, internally with low-pitched turntable rumble ordinarily not heard, as well as accentuated hum, externally in the form of boomy, unnatural room resonances at very low pitches (standing waves), not to mention rattling china and buzzing wood. All in all, though we acutely need more lowish bass at home, we should think twice before plunging to the spectacular but dangerous bottom. Better leave that to the always reliable re-creating ear, if you want musical peace of mind.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Recordings in Review

Odd and Excellent

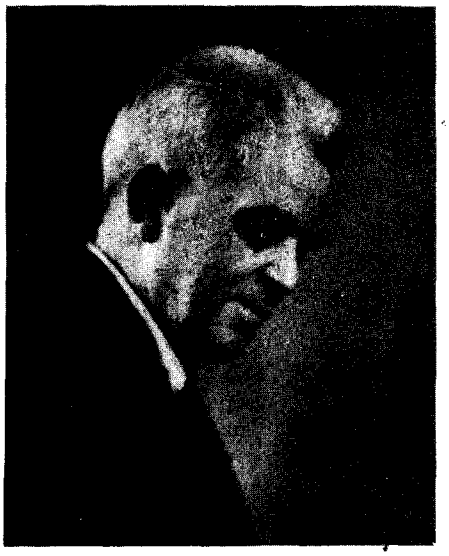
NIELSEN: *Symphony No. 3 ("Expansiva"). Erik Tuxen conducting the Radio Symphony Orchestra of Copenhagen, with Inger Lis Hassing, soprano, and Erik Sjöberg, baritone.* (London LLP 100, $5.95.)

CLARA SCHUMANN: *Trio in G minor, Opus 17. Bronislav Gimpel, violin, Luigi Silva, cello, and Leopold Mannes, piano.* (Decca DL 9555, $5.85.)

THOSE who complain of endless duplication of standard works—by the "major" record companies—should pause carefully, season their words to taste, add a grain of salt, and eat them. Here are two works which I had never heard prior to a recent weekend (I annotated the Schumann from a score fortunately found in the British Museum), and each is an enrichment of the listening experience.

This Nielsen symphony (undated in the commentary, but at least a quarter of a century old, since the composer wrote several more prior to his death in 1931) is a much stronger argument in favor of his qualities than the Fifth played here last winter. Eventually, in a fuller view of his talents, the verdict might be otherwise; but the power and originality of the feeling in this Dane's work, the remarkable personal orchestration, the big line of symphonic thought that pervades the work from first to last are clearly the properties of a master.

At this stage of my acquaintance with Nielsen, I hear suggestions of Mahler and Schoenberg (the early "Gurre-lieder" Schoenberg), Bruckner and Sibelius; which simply means I have yet to assimilate the elements which make him *different*. But that assimilation will be a pleasure, thanks to the deep, pure stream of musical thought that keeps the surface fresh and green, the care and authority of Tuxen's "gardening," and the beautiful grounds-keeping of London's technicians.



Carl Nielsen—"power and originality."

The Clara Schumann trio is something less sizable, but neither less interesting nor lovable. Nothing like great music, it is nevertheless an experience of gratitude and stimulation, since it gives some inclination, through her creative power, of what her re-creative power must have been like. One can hear any number of suggestions of Robert's influence on his wife's compositional technique—the way of leading a cello line, the turn of a phrase, peculiarities of harmony—but if I say that the work might well be accepted as a youthful but wholly appealing work of the master himself, it suggests that Clara S. wrote better music than almost any woman I know of. (Admirers of Chaminade, Dame Ethel Smyth, Nadia Boulanger, *et al.* will please check weapons before entering.) The performance is magnificently suited to the work—real ensemble here, and no lack of initiative where it is appropriate—the recording first-class. The Beethoven trio movement in B flat (Opus Posthumous) fills out the second side.

Singers, Songs, & Styles

SPONTINI: *"La Vestale" arias, etc. Rosa Ponselle, soprano.* (RCA Victor LCT 10, $4.67.)

DONIZETTI: *"Una furtiva lagrima," ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), etc. John McCormack, tenor.* (RCA Victor LCT 1036, $5.72.)

MOZART: *"Voi che sapete" ("Marriage of Figaro"), etc. Nellie Melba, soprano, others.* (RCA Victor 1039, $5.72.)

MASSENET: *"Je suis encore tout étourdie" ("Manon"), etc. Ninon Vallin, soprano.* (Decca DL 9566, $5.85.)

A seasonal renewal of RCA Victor's reissue policy (in the "Treasury" series) and a further addition to Decca's systematic presentation of the

—*Musical America.*

Ninon Vallin—"superbly stylistic."

worthy vocal material to which it has access gives us another occasion to review singing standards past and present, from the slightly higher eminence permitted by further documentation. Here is a range from Melba and Battistini, of the Nineties, to Vallin, of the Thirties. What is the lesson of the four decades, what the conclusions?

Reducing the matter to the barest essentials—the subject is one for a treatise not a half column of type—the answer would seem to be that for our grandfathers beautiful singing was enough. And what beautiful singing it was! But no novice today would dare hold a high note in "Voi che sapete" as Melba did, nor would even a medium good soprano let a phrase of "Suicidio" get away from her, pitchwise, as Destinn did (both are included in a miscellany embracing Ruffo singing "Pari siamo" less well than Warren, Scotti having rather a hard time with "L'Onore! Ladri!" from "Falstaff," and Galli-Curci gliding effortlessly through "Chanson Indoue").

Taking this miscellany just for what it is, the most consistently beautiful work must be credited to the Ponselle of the "Vestale" excerpts, "Salce, Salce" and the "Ave Maria" from "Otello," in vocal sound that has the rich substance of heavy cream and its specific gravity as well; the most affecting artistry to Mme. Vallin's superbly stylistic evocation of Manon, Herodiade, and Charlotte from "Werther." Though Mme. Vallin was not one of the major luminaries of her generation—in this country at least—it is revealing that one thinks of her in terms of the *characters* whose music she sings, the others merely in terms of the music.

The McCormack disc is vastly variable, sometimes quite rewarding; but

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the much-touted, previously unpublished excerpt from "Tristan" ("O Koenig" from the latter part of Act II) suggests that while seeking out Isolde on "Irland's grünen strand" Tristan picked up a considerable brogue. "Traüme" is well sung, after a fashion—the fashion McCormack's rather than Wagner's; but "Una furtiva lagrima" has the true tenor's tear in it.

However there is much that can be learned—by singers, critics, music-lovers and others—from the comparisons made possible by such discs as these; which puts them in a rather special class of value as records go. The recording is much as one would expect it to be, save that the Vallin is rather surprisingly good.

Good as Gulda

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 1 in C. Friedrich Gulda, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karl Böhm.* (London LLP 417, $5.95.) *Sonatas in A flat (Opus 110) and C sharp minor (Opus 27, No. 1).* (London LLP 150, $5.95.) *Sonata, Opus 106 (B flat, "Hammerklavier"). Gulda, piano.* (London LLP 422, $5.95.)

IF THE comments that follow sound rhapsodic, blame it on an afternoon and an evening with the pianistic art of Friedrich Gulda, born in Vienna in 1930 . . . thus now just reaching man's estate. Which is hardest to play—the C major Concerto with its transparent texture, the A flat Sonata with its lyric swell, the "Moonlight" with its invitations to excess, or the "Hammerklavier," whose name alone strikes terror into the hearts of most pianists, young or old—is difficult to say. Gulda takes each in stride, and if there is some gradation of acomplishment in the results, the uniformity of quality is almost phenomenally even.

I admit to being most impressed by the extremes: by the security and ease, the simplicity and art of the C major Concerto; the power and finesse, the almost instinctive inclination to do the right thing in the "Hammerklavier." I do not doubt that Gulda will someday make an even more impressive recording of each; but one has to think back to the early Menuhin for examples of interpretative art that transcend anything explainable by rational means. Even in the deeply introspective adagio of the "Hammerklavier," which one knows Gulda cannot completely re-create, he is never less than persuasive—affirmation beyond doubt of his inborn capacity as an interpreter.

One can quibble now and then with a detail—the finale of the concerto, for example, lacks a bit of thrust and humor, the slow movement of the A flat could sing more convincingly, and there is an inclination in the "Hammerklavier" to preserve good piano sound even where Beethoven patently made it impossible. Measured against the 99 of 100 things Gulda does right, however, these are minor matters indeed. Böhm's portion of the concerto is done with meticulous care and abundant command of the manner, and the recording is wonderfully sonorous and lifelike. Two major deficiencies remain to be noted: Gulda plays the longest and worst of Beethoven's own cadenzas for the first movement of the concerto, and the disc pairing the A flat and C sharp minor sonatas is badly afflicted with hum—either from power line or recording turntable.

The Best in Bartók

BARTOK: *"Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 4456, $5.45.)

SO FAR as this particular work of Bartók is concerned, all the return would seem to be in; and I find the Von Karajan performance more convincing than either the Byrnes one for Capitol or the Kubelik-Chicago for Mercury. I still rate it below the inspired one I heard Leonard Bernstein give with the Philadelphia Orchestra several years ago, but it seems to me to transmit more of the febrile excitement, the raw nerve's tension of the score than any other on discs.

I have heard the Kubelik rated more highly as reproduction than the Von Karajan, which it may be in decibels and frequencies; but I prefer the closer microphoning of the English Columbia treatment to the more distant pickup of the Chicago. More of the detail is heard, the imposed sonorities more clearly defined.

Friedrich Gulda—"pianistic art."

One point sticks, however. There is little justification for spreading this music on two sides of a twelve-inch LP. Capitol did it on two sides of a ten, and Mercury on a single side of a twelve, with another complete work on the second side. The probable result is that the best version will not be the one favored by the consumer.

No. 4 of No.4

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in G (Opus 58). Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Clemen Krauss.* (London LLP 417, $5.95.)

IN THE framework of the foregoing, this fourth LP issue of the Fourth Concerto acquaints us with another instance of successive issues, in which the most recent is also the best. Nor are these any tyros with whom Backhaus is contending, for the previous versions involved Casadesus and Ormandy, Novaës and Klemperer, Rubinstein and Beecham. All of these had merits of the sort to be associated with the performers and their orchestral affiliates, but the Backhaus has all this and something more—a seasoned art still responsive to the player's demands, combined with sound reproduction of the first order.

One of the most gratifying things about this recording is the quality of the piano that is heard. How to separate Backhaus from the instrument on which he plays is a knotty problem, but in passage work and chords at the extremes of the scale where sound sometimes thins out or becomes thick this instrument yields tone of the sort just right for the work and the orchestral scoring. Note, too, that Krauss, who has become a man-of-all-Vienna-work for London, holds his end up admirably.

If there is a quibble, it is that the finale is not always as vivacious a Vivace as my taste in Beethoven prefers. However, it is but a shadowy complaint and not really material in the total effect of a superb first movement and a deeply expressive andante. The cadenzas are a bit of a bore, whether or not they were written by Beethoven. The one of the finale is a special example of an extra trunk on the end of the elephant's nose.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's and Albums

See page 57 for Pop Roundup

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartet in E minor, Opus 59, No. 2. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster WL 5098, $5.95.	Strong, authoritative playing, but also a little fussy in underlining of details and emphasis on "expression," especially in the slow movement. This is wonderfully understood, but less played than discussed. The realism of the recording is marred by an excess volume level, which magnifies all details rather unpleasantly.
Brahms: Sonata in F minor, Opus 5. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 1189, $5.72.	Having waited so long for a performance of this work by a ranking artist, it is almost indecent to look a gift-horse in the mouth—especially from the thoroughbred stable of Rubinstein. However, I find the first movement episodic and disjointed, the slow movement lacking in concentration; in all, a performance less convincing than young Kaichen's for London. Good piano recording, but not in the class of London's exceptional accomplishment.
Debussy: "La Mer." Dimitri Mitropoulos and the N.Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 4434, $5.45.	One of Mitropoulous's best efforts on records, and very successfully reproduced. The inevitable "however" is that it lacks the drive and excitement of the recent Toscanini, nor does it achieve its ends as successfully. The pairing with "Ibéria," splendidly played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, makes for rather impressive value, nevertheless.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 in E minor (Opus 95). Enrique Jorda conducting the New Symphony Orchestra. London LLP 432, $5.95.	A "new" Dvorak symphony rather than a "New World," in which Dvorak's link to Schubert is made considerably more evident than is customary. This includes an emphasis on the gentler aspects of the text, clarification of the scoring, a broader tempo in the trio of the scherzo, etc. Interesting to be sure, if not wholly convincing. In pure sound it tops both the Ormandy and Stokowski versions, no mean criteria.
Falla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Clifford Curzon, piano, with New Symphony conducted by Enrique Jorda. London LLP 445, $5.95.	Deft, beautifully articulated piano by Curzon, against wholly appropriate background by Jorda. Not much occasion for a further attention to this score after this wholly succesful venture. However, the coupled matter from Falla's "Tricorne," well played though it is, lacks the integral vocal part which is included on the Reiner and Stokowski recordings.
Franck: Sonata in A. Isaac Stern, violin, and Alexander Zakin, piano. Columbia ML 2204, $4.	Surpassingly fine reproduction of violin and piano, and wholly impressive execution of the performer's conception. However, it adds sugar to the molasses, and otherwise magnifies the exaggerations of Franck—both musical and emotional—in a way not to my taste. Franscescatti and Casadesus, also sold by Columbia, are more urbane about the whole thing.
Mozart: "Das Veilchen," etc. Erna Berger, soprano, with George Schick, piano. RCA Victor LM 133, $4.67.	A disappointing disc for Berger, largely because she has been vocally miscast in material ("Warnung," "Der Zauber," "Abendempfindung," etc.) which other singers of recent memory—Lehmann and Schumann, for a quick example—do much better. Vocally, it's all thin and on top, without color and warmth; and the special abilities of Berger—her flexibility and ease—are sold short. Fair recording only.
Mozart: "Se il padre perdei" ("Idomeneo"), etc. Hilde Gueden, soprano, with Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Clemens Krauss. London LPS 485, $4.95.	This "Idomeneo" aria and a companion piece ("Non temer amato bene") are by far the best reasons for inspecting a miscellany that includes "Voi che sapete" and "Deh vieni non tardar," "Caro nome" and "Tutti le feste" ("Rigoletto"). Gueden's Verdi is here over-careful, almost circumspect; her Mozart increasingly impressive as the material becomes less familiar. First-class sound.
Respighi-Rossini: "Boutique Fantasque." Hugo Rignold conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra. Decca DL 7518, $3.85.	Spirit and energy are welcome attributes of this effort, but all these and much more polished orchestral work may be found in the recent Ansermet version for London. Keen registration of the orchestra, without the glowing colors of the Swiss leader's effort.
Schubert: Quintet in C (Opus 163). Budapest Quartet, with Benar Heifetz, cello. Columbia ML 4437, $5.45.	If this performance lacks some of the exaggerated nuances of the Vienna Konzerthaus ensemble, it also lacks the warmth and tenderness which distinguishes that playing. Neither being perfection, I prefer the overstressed to the understressed version. There is little to choose in recorded quality: both are excellent.
Schubert: "Die Forelle," etc. Egon Petri, piano. Columbia ML 4436, $5.45.	One can admire Schubert, Petri, Liszt, and Tausig without finding them at all attractive in combination. "Die Forelle," in the Liszt transcription, is played with the vigor appropriate to the "Ride of the Valkyries," and "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen" and "Gretchen am Spinnrade" are equally ovrstressed. It is time Columbia did something about its perfunctory, uninformative annotations.
Strauss, Johann and Josef: "Jokey," "Pizzicato Polka," etc. Clemens Krauss conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LLP 484, $5.95.	Described as a "New Year" concert, this would be more authentically what it purports to be were the program elected by the Viennese (as is the custom) rather than by "the Artist and Repertory staffs of FFRR"—which makes it just like any other record. However, the material is all delightful, especially Josef's "Im Krapfenwald'l" and "Dragonfly," and Johann's "Train Polka," the playing enough to discourage any other orchestra from trying. Included is a version of "G'Schichten aus dem Wiener Wald" that is sheer poetry. Pluperfect sound.
Strauss: "Wine, Women, and Song," etc. Patrice Munsel, soprano, with RCA Victor orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler. RCA Victor LM 139, $4.67.	Gleaming, glossy vocalization by Princess Pat of half a dozen Strauss epics in epigrammatic form: "Artist's Life," "Blue Danube," "Emperor," "Vienna Woods" among others. Rather remarkably distinct English enunciation of words no one wants to hear, in a style a little glibber than becomes the material.
Sullivan-Mackerras: "Pineapple Poll." John Lanchbery conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra. Decca DL 7521, $3.85.	A string of excerpts this time, rather than the full-length ballets previously presented by Columbia and RCA—and, in the end, what most people might prefer to hear of this lively but by no means earthshaking potpourri. Lanchbery (the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's conductor for the American tour) leads his men a merry chase, in a recording as bright and brassy as the big doorknob memorialized in "H.M.S.Pinafore."
Vaughan Williams: Concerto for Two Pianos (1933). Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, duo-pianists, with the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. RCA Victor LM 135, $4.67.	Even the wary would be hard put to recognize this as a work of the composer identified with it, which is no indictment of its individuality, rather a reflection on our limited cognizance of Vaughan Williams. In any case, it has unmistakably a musical profile, outspoken emotion, and a kind of workmanship not common in contemporary writing of any school. The performance has convincing definition and direction; the recording, resonance and detail.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

AN announcement of the greatest significance for the British gramophone industry appeared in the January number of *The Gramophone*, demurely tucked away at the bottom of a page. Under the heading "Cooperation Between Columbia and Philips" we read that: "Philips Electrical Limited announce that Philips Phonographic Industries, Baarn, Holland, has reached agreement with Columbia Records Incorporated, U. S. A., to cooperate on a worldwide basis for the exploitation of their record libraries, with effect from the 1st January, 1953." As a matter of fact, the first rumors of the impending crack in the supposedly impregnable facade of Electrical and Musical Industries Ltd. began to circulate early in December, when it became known that Sir Ernest Fisk, chairman of EMI, had resigned his position. Fisk was known as an opponent of long-playing records, and there can be little doubt that his stand has done great harm to the reputation of the HMV-Columbia-Parlophone block.

It is impossible at this stage to foresee the ultimate extent of these upheavals—already there is talk of Parlophone following Columbia's example—but it is already certain that the balance of phonographic power will alter appreciably in this country, and the situation is made all the more piquant because it appears that Decca (the "London" brand) owns a substantial interest in Philips. The emergence of Philips, one of the world's biggest radio manufacturers (their huge factory at Eindhoven, Holland, was a favorite target for the Royal Air Force during the German occupation of the Netherlands), as a major power in the gramophone industry should go far to shake the remnants of EMI out of their somnolence, and it means that Columbia LP will be available here by next year at the very latest. One can imagine what Columbia (U. S. A.) must, as pioneers of LP, have felt in the face of EMI's continued refusal to budge on this question and the credit which Decca has been able to reap in consequence. I am told that the Philips move was the result of a virtual ultimatum on LP from American to English Columbia.

The unscrambling of the two Columbias will be no easy task. It will presumably be not just a matter of where a given disc was waxed, but also a question of contracts. Thus, we know that Sir Thomas Beecham signed up with American Columbia about two years ago and will, I imagine, "belong" to Philips; but what about his prewar output? Only the future can tell, but it is certain that, whatever benefits we may reap from keener competition, the international gramophone set-up will become more complex and puzzling to the layman than ever before.

If anyone had told me five years ago that I should spend Christmas 1951 comparing two complete recordings of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" I would have thought such a person more than a little optimistic. Yet here I sat with seven Decca LP discs on my right (their six-record version has not yet appeared), thirty-four Columbia SP discs on my left, and the volu-

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"SONATA IN A FLAT MAJOR" (Opus 110) **Beethoven**
Friedrich Gulda
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"PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN C MAJOR" (Opus 15) **Beethoven**
Friedrich Gulda and
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Karl Böhm
LLP-421—$5.95

"SONATA IN B FLAT MAJOR" (Hammerklavier) **Beethoven**
Friedrich Gulda
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"SYMPHONY No. 5 IN E MINOR" (From The New World) **Dvorak**
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Conductor: Enrique Jorda
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"NIGHTS IN THE GARDENS OF SPAIN" Manuel DeFalla
Clifford Curzon (piano) with
The New Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Enrique Jorda

"THE THREE CORNERED HAT" Manuel DeFalla
Scenes and Dances From Part One
The London Symphony Orchestra
Conductor: Enrique Jorda
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"SINFONIA ESPANSIVA" (Symphony No. 3) **Carl Nielsen**
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The Radio Symphony Orchestra of Copen hagen
Inger Lis Hassing, soprano
and Erik Sjöberg, baritone
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D'Oyly Carte Opera Company
Conductor: Isidore Godfrey
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Ernest Ansermet conducting The London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir
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Bayreuth Festival Production, 1951
Conductor: Hans Knappertsbusch
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DIE MEISTERSINGER—Act One—(Richard Wagner)
Paul Schoeffler—Hilde Gueden—Gunther Treptow—Anton Dermota—Karl Donch—Else Schurhoff.
Chorus of The Vienna State Opera and The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
Conductor: Hans Knappertsbusch
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DIE MEISTERSINGER—Act Three—(Richard Wagner)
Same cast as in Act One
*LLP-480/1/2—$17.85

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Wilhelm Furtwaengler conducting The London Philharmonic Orchestra
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OVERTURE—Benvenuto Cellini—(Hector Berlioz)
OVERTURE—Le Corsaire—(Hector Berlioz)
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minous orchestral score on my lap. If there is any Wagnerite record collector in this country who still needs convincing about the advantages of LP, I would prescribe him a large dose of Columbia and Decca "Meistersinger" and have complete confidence in the outcome. Decca has not been slow to point the moral in the latest advertisement; yet the sad fact is that we still have here a large body of opinion which continues to doubt whether LP has in fact come to stay. Only a few days ago I received, in my capacity as editor of a monthly record review, a letter from a reader who explained that he was not renewing his subscription because my journal devoted too much space to LP issues and had therefore ceased to be of much use to one who did not wish to invest in so doubtful a quantity!

With the regular January issues still to come, I have been glancing back at recent Decca standard issues which nowadays consist mainly of duplications of previously released LP material. Now and again, however, an important new recording will appear in this way, and the most recent of these is Arthur Bliss's "Pastoral." This work dates from 1928 and, like Britten's "Serenade" and "Spring Symphony," is an anthology of poems diverse in period and in style but related in their subject matter. The poets on whom Bliss has drawn for his "Pastoral" are Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Poliziano, Theocritus, and Robert Nichols. It is scored for chorus, solo mezzo-soprano, flute, drums, and strings, and the enchanting delicacy of the settings will surprise those who have come to regard Bliss as one of the most vigorous among contemporary British composers. The performance by Nancy Evans, the BBC Chorus, and the Jacques Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Reginald Jacques, is most sympathetic, while the recording (made under the auspices of the British Council) is first rate.

Living in an age that produces "Meistersinger" recordings in triplicate we are inclined to smile at the kind of disc which amazed our fathers and grandfathers, yet the other day I managed to acquire a forty-year-old specimen which showed that we have become far too serious about the "Talking Machine." It is a Zonophone disc issued in celebration of the coronation of King George V and Queen Mary and each side contains three patriotic tunes. The fun of it is that you never know which you are going to hear; it may be "Rule Britannia," yet when it is finished and you put the pick-up back to the beginning of the beginning of the side you will, as likely as not, hear "The British Grenadiers" or even "God Save the King." This ingenious disc was contained in a circular card-board cover (guaranteed to roll out of one's storage cabinet) which advertised the latest developments in "Disc Machines," from the one guinea "Encora"—"The Cheapest Machine for Discs ever offered. Quite reliable"—to the five guinea "Entana" —"The Handsome Machine with the loud and clear Tone. The very Best." But perhaps the most charming result of my browsing was a pre-electric band record which had belonged to a convent. It contained a harmless little waltz whose title had been carefully erased with a knife; a little research among old catalogues was all that was required to unearth the dread secret. It was called: "Kissing Is No Sin."

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

VIENNA.

A NEW trend is being felt in the world of recordings. It might be compared to the wave of *Gesamtausgaben* (Complete Editions) and similar enormous projects which took place in the music publishing world in Germany during the second half of the last century and which provided us with our collected editions of Bach, Handel, Schütz, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, as well as monumental sixty-odd volume sets of the *"Denkmäler der Tonkunst in Osterreich"* (DTO), etc. LP has to develop new fields for itself, and there are significant indications of what this field is to be. In America, the Haydn Society is recording all of their champion's string quartets from the oldest manuscripts and prints. Here in Europe, Philips has announced that it will record all of Bach's keyboard music for harpsichord and clavichord with Isolde Ahlgrimm, a Viennese harpsichordist who plays all of these works (from memory) every year in a series of private concerts in her home. Simultaneously a plan is being put into operation to record the complete organ works of Bach on various Swiss baroque organs with Anton Heiller. A similar venture by Deutsche Grammophon has already produced several Decca LP's in the American market. It is interesting that all of these projects concern themselves with the problem of authenticity, original texts, correct interpretations of the ornaments, and so on. In other words, musicology is beginning to occupy a permanent place in these serious large-scale recording ventures.

This type of project is not new. HMV, under the supervision of the brilliant Walter Legge, has been issuing Society sets for many years. However, these Societies never went to the ex-

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tent of recording *all* the keyboard works of Bach or Beethoven, or all the Haydn string quartets, Mozart operas, or Hugo Wolf lieder. This would have been financially impossible; Bach's organ works will require about twenty-five twelve-inch LP discs. This would make about 150 twelve-inch 78-rpm records, and who would have purchased them?

Isolde Ahlgrimm may well be a second Wanda Landowska. The talented Viennese has the same fanatic absorption in her playing and a similar spiritual concentration about her. During the first half of this century (Landowska played in the Haydn Festival at Vienna in 1909!) the Polish woman gradually brought the harpsichord back to life. But she has not succeeded in removing a certain precious aura from the instrument. I find myself no longer in agreement with her excessive registration within a piece, or her extreme coloristic effects (four foot plus sixteen foot, lute, harp stops, etc.). Similarly her attempts to add ornaments, dynamic indications, and phrasing to supplement the meager original marks of this sort in old music are based upon a correct musicological premise in most cases, but may prove dangerous in execution. Even if Landowska may have occasionally gone too far in this respect (the writer is thinking of her performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto in C, KV. 415, with the New York Philharmonic) her artistic personality is sufficiently impressive to convince us even if she may exceed the limits to which we have become accustomed. The registration problem is, I believe, better solved by Ahlgrimm, but her improvisatory addition of ornaments and rhythmic changes often alter the character of the work so completely that the original is scarcely recognizable.

In addition to excellent technique and fine, sensitive touch, the bright side of the picture concerns the instruments which Ahlgrimm has had constructed for her series. One of these is a pedal harpsichord, on which she will record all of the Pedal Sonatas. It might be mentioned that she also owns a lovely fortepiano from Mozart's time, upon which she performs Mozart's piano music.

ANTON HEILLER is known in America primarily as a conductor. Unfortunately this is his weakest point. He knows the Haydn works he has conducted on records thoroughly; every note of the autograph or other MSS. is studied, every staccato and phrasing mark analyzed, but he is somehow unable to communicate his tremendous knowledge and vitality to the orchestra. His recent records (Symphonies 52 and 56, Trumpet Concerto) show a vast improvement over his earlier efforts (Symphonies 83, 84, etc.). But it is as a composer and organist (keyboard player) that Heiller is unquestionably at his best. Since Austria has little interest in modern music or in organists, Heiller was somehow forced to take up conducting. As a composer he has concentrated on choral works—four masses, for instance—in an effort to change the *fin de siecle* taste of church music in local Austrian circles.

As an organist Heiller is certainly well qualified to tackle the tremendous Bach task. The main organ he uses, in a small town near Zürich, is a fine, modern baroque instrument. It is planned to record some of the larger Preludes and Fugues on the French baroque organs of St. Moritz. Albert Schweitzer has just made some fine tapes on the Zürich organ, which argues well for the technical side of the Heiller series.

In any case both projects must be regarded as among the most important events in the history of the gramophone.

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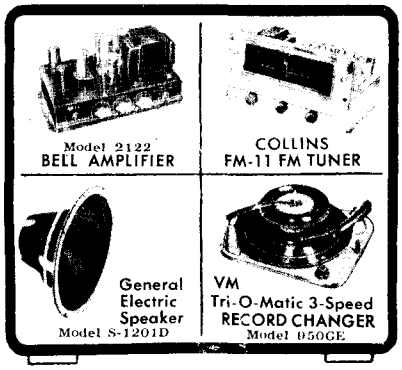

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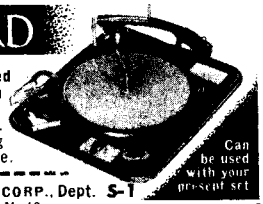

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SPOTLIGHT

(*Continued from page 43*)

finale is not only too short to balance it but, more seriously, ends abruptly. These are matters the composer might conceivably have adjusted in viewing the finished product. Nonetheless, violists have reason to be very grateful for an important contribution to the infinitesimal repertory for viola and orchestra.

The recording, made in London, has the extraordinary clarity and presence of previous orchestral releases under the label of Bartók Records. The performance, in which William Primrose is soloist under Serly's direction, will, of course, be accepted as exemplary. The same excellent qualities of recording and performance mark "Deux Images," a work of 1910, also conducted by Serly. Though written by Bartók in his late twenties, it is thoroughly mature and pleasant to listen to. The Divertimento of 1939 is something else again. Its finale is one of Bartók's finest treatments of the folk-dance principle, and exceptional locomotion marks the opening. Despite the predominant lightness and exuberance, relieved perhaps a bit too drastically by one of his characteristically gloomy adagios, the Divertimento promises to stand high among his works when the final tally of his vast achievement is made. The string-writing is full-bodied without being murky, and its luminous texture is well reproduced on RCA's recording by the Minneapolis Symphony with Dorati conducting.

Samuel Barber's Cello Sonata, Opus 6, and String Quartet, Opus 11 (Stradivari LP 602, $5.95), are early products, still redolent of the conservatory. They are obviously the work of a well-endowed young man destined for greater acomplishments to come. They help round out the picture of Barber's career which was so amply represented on London and Columbia labels last year. George Ricci, cellist; Leopold Mittman, pianist, and the Stradivari Quartet have all turned in performances of the finest quality and musicianship. The reproduction is first-rate, too. It is obvious, however, that the engineers aimed at a big, resonant, orchestral sound in the quartet, motivated, I suspect, by the fact that the Adagio later became a string orchestra work—a piece that has become one of Barber's most familiar. Hugo Wolf's "Italian Serenade," on the same side as the Barber quartet, has a more faithful chamber-music quality to my ears.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

Bach by Baker

BACH: *Sonatas for flute and harpsichord. Julius Baker, flute, and Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord.* (Decca DX 113, $17.55.)

WHEN high ranking American virtuosos are enumerated, a place close to the top of the list should be reserved for Julius Baker, whose remarkable career has recently carried him to the post of solo flutist with the Chicago Symphony. He has been heard on many previous recordings (orchestral mostly, but also the Mozart flute quartets); never, however, with quite the impression of mastery conveyed here.

Assuming that the microphone does not exaggerate the size and brilliance of his tone, it must be described as one of the broadest and beautiful sounds we have heard from the instrument. The sparkle of Kincaid, the deftness of Barrère, or the finesse of Laurent may be missing in some degree—also the lightness of Murchie or the elegance of René Le Roy—but he combines more of these elements with a wonderful purity quite his own than any other player we know. As in the art of a great singer, all of the breath is utilized for tone, none of it wasted in the effect known as "breathiness."

As performances of these variable but often absorbing works, Baker's and Marlowe's are something less than ideal. Baker has not yet attained the subtleties of style to sustain the interest through such a series of works (six in all), and the Marlowe harpsichord is frequently a dull rumble in the background, without musical definition or enlivening style. Moreover, the natural distinctness of the flute is not balanced by the kind of microphoning to overcome the limitations of the harpsichord.

—I.K.

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Soaring "Butterfly," Earthbound "Tosca"

THE intimations of excellence that Renata Tebaldi has given in everything she has done for London (the miscellaneous disc of months ago, the complete "Bohème" of just last month) are all combined and magnified in her accomplishment as Butterfly in the latest—and, for all necessary purposes, last— version of Puccini's tragedy to reach discs (London LPA 8, $17.85). There have been occasions when that score has seemed more sentimental than affecting; but it has not likely been any occasion when Mme. Tebaldi has sung the leading role.

For the fact is, a performance of "Butterfly" is a performance by Butterfly; and Tebaldi is assuredly one of the great ones. It is not wholly a matter of vocal quality, or of word clarity, or of projection of a personality. Rather it is a wholly masterful, completely composed characterization, superbly sung from first to last, with an authentic note of suffering when it is appropriate. To the average good Butterfly's kind of lyric pathos Mme. Tebaldi adds a resource of vocal thrust and tragic intensity which provides another color when it is most welcome and most useful. One can imagine another singer's Butterfly which might be as interesting or as well-sung, but not better, more satisfying, or more artistic.

With this kind of central characterization dominating the recording, it is somewhat easier to compose a thoroughly consistent performance than in "Bohème," where the line of dramatic progress is not so straight. Alberto Erede evokes a splendid sound from the orchestra of the Augusteo (Rome) and his tempos are almost unfailingly appropriate (though I had some uneasy moments before the marriage ceremony in Act I, when it seemed, momentarily, that things might come to a halt). Giuseppe Campora, who sings Pinkerton, has a vibrant tenor voice in just the youthful condition this role wants, Sharpless is sung by the experienced Giovanni Inghilleri, and Suzuki's music is satisfactorily if not brilliantly sung by Nell Rankin. All the problems of balance and interrelation of solo and choral voices with the orchestra have been solved in London's best tradition. A full Italian-English text accompanies the set.

Renata Tebaldi—"wholly masterful."

AS this "Butterfly" reminds us, a patent fact about records is that the end result cannot be better than the people who go into the making of them—particulary where opera is concerned. Westminister's "Tosca" (Westminster WAL 302, $17.85) is characterized by the concern for musical results which have marked their best efforts; but they are not working with as suitable human material as they have in most other ventures in London or Vienna. The view, naturally, is in terms of the best "Tosca" possible, and this is not much more than a generally competent one. The competence is that of the lesser Italian singers who have strong lusty voices (Nino Scattaloni, especially, as Cavaradossi and Scipio Colombo as Scarpia) but little subtlety, not much interest in characterization, and a general disposition to rear back and let the voice pour forth. Simona dell'Argina may one day sing a distinguished Tosca, but her big voice is still coarse on top, often pushed into stridency. Tempermentally, she doesn't do much for the performance, and Argeo Quadri's conducting, though thoroughly routined, doesn't draw the blood or strike the fire that this score contains. Balances in the recording are good, the orchestra is big and plays well, but there is a little acoustical emptiness in the background that intensifies the want of theatrical compulsion in the performance. It is certain that there will be other "Toscas" to follow this one, and it is likely that at least one of them will be better.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

VOX

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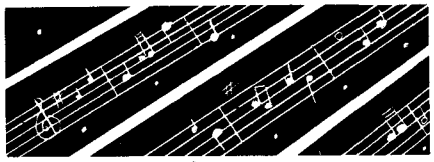
DIAL's second Webern record (17, $5.95) carries three of the master's thirteen or so dodecaphonic works, and fills out with four early songs. All are performed in an authentic manner, establishing standards which at this time represent this music as well as could be hoped. Indeed, the Quartet, Opus 22, is so admirably presented it should mold a tradition; it coheres—and this is always the performance problem with Webern—in a remarkably successful way. The pianist Jacques Monod, with the assurance of the dodecaphonic young generation, catches something of the fleeting Piano Variations, Opus 27, and Bethany Beardsley's pitches are generally accurate in the Four Songs, Opus 12. Reproduction is faithful and equable and only two very hushed piano notes get lost between the recording studio and the listener's ears.

The performance of the Concerto, Opus 24, conducted by René Leibowitz, fails, in the first movement at least, to convey the "expressionist" content, without which it is stark and meaningless. But, as this "expressionism" is perhaps unrealizable without the



study Mr. Leibowitz's very disc affords future performers, we will not quibble with the achievement. Musical misreadings are surprising, however, in a performance thus waxed in the name of orthodoxy. Webern's music is clearly marked, and it demands letter-perfect respect. Dynamics, tempo controls, articulation—in Webern these are all structural, consistently and logically used. For example, when a movement, the second of this Concerto, depends upon a two-note slur idea in contrast with broad detached notes, the distinction in articulation ought to be severely observed in performance. The first movement, too, depends upon distinctions: in dynamics, where intensity varies from note to note; in tempo, which rarely holds constant for more than a few bars.

The most puzzling of Webern's many innovations is his rhythm. To new listeners it will actually seem rhythmless, just as his instrumentation will seem neutral and colorless, and his brevity trifling. It is impossible to discuss Webern's rhythm as though it were a thing apart from the polyphonic conception, but comparing the immediate rhythmic impression given by the first movement of this Concerto with, say, Stravinsky's "Danse Sacrale," the Webern seems to have no strong pulse and no bar accent. Whereas the Stravinsky is all vertical chord blocks, the Webern is in lines where, more often than not, nothing sounds simultaneously. Indeed, Webern takes paranoiac pains to avoid "chords," and the result is often one line which resembles the cardiogram of a widely fluttering heart! Webern has, in fact, superceded the pulse and accent idea of rhythm, and revealed a new dimension of possibility.

In the opening movement of this Concerto there is an example of different kinds of triplets, in simple combination with eighths and sixteenths artfully overlapping and dovetailing within the framework of equal bars. (Webern never tampered with the bar, leaving the field to Boulez and the younger dodecaphonists). In poetry this would be equivalent to scrapping the use of meter and so radically changing and enlarging the meaning of foot as to make it unrecognizable. Webern wisely kept within the simplest, most logically confining limits of the new world he had opened up. Any recent score by Pierre Boulez demonstrates the consequent complications of further exploration.

But Schoenberg was, as usual, First Cause. None of the dodecaphonic apologists have placed the importance of Schoenberg's "Herzgewächse," that precious song, an unforgettable event if well performed. It is incrusted with the rhythmic ideas Webern was to exploit. It also shows the possibilities of *Klangfarbenmelodien* (for Webern has revolutionized instrumentation). Further, it marks the birth of the Webern dimension, the tiny, compressed, undeveloped cell, super-laden with "expression." "Herzgewächse" lasts three and one-half minutes; Webern's works average about six minutes to an opus number; the dodecaphonic pieces played one after another would last about an hour.

Ernest Ansermet describes a visit to Webern's home in Vienna, with the master in evident ecstasy by merely striking a succession of notes on the piano. A Schubert dance would bring him to a state of levitation. He believed that in time, and he was prepared to wait, his postman would be able to whistle twelve-tone music.

—ROBERT CRAFT.

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Pop Roundup

MORE than ever the pop record companies today are concerned with "Moon-June" rifles—few of which are showing even light inclinations toward hitdom. The xaggerated mannerisms that identify ur more popular stylists appear increasingly grotesque with each near-iss. To this obviously jaded listener :CA Victor's big reissue project, impressively dubbed "A Treasury of Immortal Performances," provides most welcome relief. Even when the music ; not good, it's still interesting from ne historical standpoint—and most of : is good.

For example, there's an LP entitled GREAT TRUMPET ARTISTS (RCA PT 26), an anthology (1928-46) including well-chosen sides by Louis rmstrong ("Basin Street Blues"), Bix eiderbecke (an alternate master on Whiteman's "From Monday On"), Roy ldridge, Bunny Berigan, and Dizzy illespie. The big surprise is an elegant, eloquent 1945 side by the late ncient Bunk Johnson. . . . GREAT ENOR SAX ARTISTS (RCA LPT 7) embraces a more recent era (1937-949), but no less a variety of styles. oleman Hawkins for some reason is epresented by a 1937 version of Crazy Rhythm," cut in Paris, which little more than a curio. But we're rateful for Ellington's wonderful Cottontail," with Ben Webster's reathy, exciting solo. Also present re the late Chu Berry, Bud Freeman, linois Jacqet, and Charlie Ventura, ll aided by stellar cohorts.

Every year readers of the magazine *etronome* elect an all-star jazz band, hich for several successive years got gether to make a recording, with a ifferent label issuing the result each ear. RCA Victor drew the first in 1939, ien cut again in 1941 and 1946. These ave been grouped on METRONOME LL-STAR BANDS (LPT 21). All ave their highspots, but the first two ates produced the most invention. Bugle Call Rag" and "One O'Clock mp," from 1941, with Goodman, asie, James, Higgenbotham, and awkins, rate among the more exciting sides of the modern era. No freak uff, just real "pros" at work in both nsembles and solos.

In 1935-6, while Benny Goodman's owerhouse band heralded the new ving era, that same clarinetist gave eart to devotees of more intimate zz with perhaps the most perfect nit ever assembled. The BENNY OODMAN TRIO (RCA LPT 17) provides ample testimony concerning the individual and collective talents of BG, pianist Teddy Wilson, and drummer Gene Krupa. The six numbers included are among the first recorded by the Trio, and having them now on LP must be our reward for wholesome living. Our favorite titles, even since they were first issued, are "Someday Sweetheart" and "Nobody's Sweetheart"—and let's hope that more "Immortal" Trio sides follow soon.

Other LP's in the series include LIONEL HAMPTON (LPT 18), in which the main attraction is alto saxman Johnny Hodges's fluid solo on "Sunny Side of the Street," and Hampton's swingin' vibes throughout, if you happen to like the instrument. A wide assortment of jazz stars are featured here, and also in the collection devoted to soprano sax genius SIDNEY BECHET (LPT 22). Especially recommended are two selections in which his close collaborator is Charles Shavers on trumpet.

Dance Discs

Sy Oliver, trumpeter and arranger with the Lunceford band in the Thirties, has tried on many occasions to re-create the rocking, deceptively limpid beat of that fabulous organization. He uses the same widely-spaced harmonies and full voicings, the same tempos, even the same musicians, but the beat is never quite the same. The best approximation, I believe, is in BLUES JUST BLUES, an instrumental recorded once by Musicraft, now reissued by M-G-M (11092). . . . The same label offers a relaxed, tasteful I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS by the Leroy Holmes Orchestra (11126) which, when it plays dance music, is as good as any band around. . . . In the bouyant, danceable rhythm referred to by hotel musicians as "Business Man's Bounce," Lee Monti's Tutones revive SHOULD I? (M-G-M 11140), the old Brown-Freed hit. . . . Trombonist Buddy Morrow and Orchestra have an instrumental version of THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC that's certain to join the select society of perennials (RCA 47-4451).

Tropical Tempi: GLORITA, an unusually fine samba by pianist Noro Morales and Rhythm (COL 39601). . . . SIN AMOR (RCA 51-5567) and FELICIA (RCA 51-5565), authentic tangos from Argentina by Juan D'Arienzo y su Orq. —BILL SIMON.

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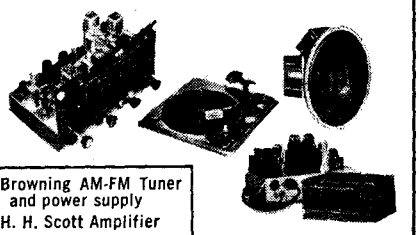

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Edito

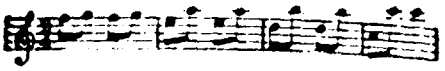
More "Tati-Tati"

SIR: You are, of course, entirely within your rights when you say [*SRL* Dec. 29] you do not find the "Tati-Tati" as amusing as the Dohnányi "Variations on a Nursery Tune." But when you say that "it is only to so learned an ear as Frankenstein's" that the "Cutlet Polka" seems similar to "Chopsticks," and when you suggest that in pointing out the similarity I am "indulging in a little intellectual leg-pulling," your views are distinctly open to controversy.

"Chopsticks," as universally published and played, consists of two periods. In the first, the tune is expressed harmonically:

In the second it is expressed melodically:

I submit that it is not the slightest tribute to my learning that I am able to perceive the marked similarity between the second of the above quotations and the following, as used in the "Cutlet Polka":



ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our views on "Tati-Tati" may be needlessly academic, but we submit that without the classic form of "Chopsticks" (which Mr. Frankenstein refers to as the "harmonic" treatment) it is a watered-down emasculated version of the real thing. What makes it "Chopsticks," I think, is the initial clash of a major second; lacking that, the "melodic form" is less than wholly convincing.*

Indisposed Dunstable?

SIR: The recently released "Patience" . . . lists Leonard Osborn as singing the part of the Duke of Dunstable. The first appearance of the Duke, early on Side 3, begins with the words, "Of right sacrificial." . . . The voice is unmistakably Osborn's. But from then on the Duke's part is taken by Neville Griffiths, whose name is listed on the record seal itself, where Osborn's name is omitted. Thus, one tenor is listed in the book, another on the record seal, but Osborn is heard in only the first four lines . . . Of course, such situations occur at actual performances, but it seem quite unnecessary to inflict them c records where the situation can easil be remedied.

EDWARD EYRE.
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Eyre's shar ears have detected something th might be construed as a new contrib tion to realism in recording—a su stitution in mid-stream of an indi posed singer. We have asked Londc to clarify, and will report on the r sults next month.*

Viva AES Curve

SIR: I note with approval the poss bility, intimated in a recent articl that LP's may soon be standardize at the AES curve. Concomitantl labels should so indicate, especially distinguish the new from the o product of the same manufacturer that we may adjust our compensato or other controls properly.

BERNARD WEISS.
New York. N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An excellent su gestion and one that we hope the cor panies will take into consideratic when the long-desired uniformity arrived at. Reader Weiss also mak the sensible observation that recor should be produced in such a way th no compensators or tone controls wou be necessary; but we hardly have th long a vision.*

What about Schiotz?

SIR: I have been tremendously in pressed with the wonderful singi of Aksel Schiotz, as it is found on va ious HMV records, and I want to a quire everything of his I can get, e pecially the "Dichterliebe" ar "Schöne Müllerin" cycles. But would like to have these on LP if all possible. . . . Do you know wheth there is any likelihood of LP ve sions of these things in the reaso able future?

THEODORE C. OWEN.
Emporia, Kan.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are happy report that we have actually hea a sample of the "Schöne Müller made from the tape prepared for t long playing issue which RCA Victor including in its March series of "C lector's Issues." It sounds very pro ising. Nothing yet on the "Dichte liebe," however.*

In re Hindemith

SIR: What are the chances of secu ing an addendum to Paul Hindemitl excellent "How Music Happens" [*SI* Dec. 29]? Specifically, what does M Hindemith consider to be the "fe masterworks of . . . ultimate co gruence"? I'm certain that many *SI* discophiles would like to compa their own ideals of musical perfectic derived from countless hours of ar

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chair listening, with the views of a master. . . .

CHARLES E. ZIMMER.

San Antonio, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We are at Dr. Hindemith's disposal any time he cares to elaborate his views from Switzerland, where he is spending a sabbatical.*

SIR: In the article by Paul Hindemith the well-known musician seeks to describe within singularly concise confines the creative evolutionary processes among composers in general and geniuses in particular. A few passages are arresting and debatable. He says: ". . . What is musical vision? We all know the impression of a very heavy flash of lightning in the night. Within a second's time we see a broad landscape, not only in its general outlines but *with every detail.* Although we could never describe each single component of the picture, we feel that not even the smallest leaf of grass escapes our attention. We experience a view, immensely comprehensive and at the same time immensely detailed. . . . Compositions must be conceived in the same way. If you cannot, in the flash of a single moment, see a composition in *its absolute entirety, with every pertinent detail in its proper place,* you are not a real composer." (Italics added).

Mr. Hindemith adds that this detailed-flash prevision applies as well to a work requiring "three hours or more" in performance, although later on he concedes that the composer is not required to see every sharp and flat in its final place.

Every composer will, I think, agree that there is a dash of truth in this dictum. But I believe that all the artist can hope to experience, at the outset, is a kind of misty prescience, or divination, of the ultimate work. The remaining task, and it is a long one, is an ardent and arduous search; endless filing and fitting; trial and error; eventual integration of a mass of *finally realized details* to form a satisfying total. The very references made by Mr. Hindemith to Beethoven's sketch-books seem to prove this. . . . The first vision, and there must be one, is no more than the half-lit adumbration which Mr. Hindemith assigns to the "half-gifted composer."

BERNARD ROGERS.

Rochester, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Dr. Hindemith "concedes" anything, it is that "months of work" are needed to bring into existence his "photomental picture"; that the lightning flash analogy lights up details that will "fall into line almost without his knowing it."*

English Disc Data

SIR: The monthly RECORDINGS section is a high spot of the *SRL.* It is invaluable to record collectors, and it renders a distinct service to other lovers of fine music. Some of your readers may be interested to learn of a small British magazine devoted to collectors who specialize in vocal records. It is *The Record Collector.* . . . Recent issues have featured articles on De Luca, Bispham, Gluck, Supervia, Galli-Curci, Ruffo, Rethberg, Ponselle, Caruso, Chaliapin, and Onegin. . . . The publication is a mine of information for record enthusiasts.

KARL BAMBACH.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Those with the specialized interest indicated above can find out more by addressing J. Dennis, 1 Pine View Road, Ipswich, Suffolk, England.*

Toscanini Repertory

SIR: At the risk of seeming ungrateful for what has been done to revive past phonographic glories on long-playing discs, I would like to suggest three such glories that seem to have been neglected: Toscanini's performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Vienna "Rosenkavalier" excerpts with Lehmann, and the Traubel-Toscanini "Immolation Scene" from "Götterdämmerung."

W. PIERCE SHEPPARD.

Nashua, N. H.

SIR: Your mention of the Toscanini "Bohème" caught my eye. Since I own the Toscanini "Traviata" and enjoy it very much, I am happy that RCA Victor is planning to issue the "Bohème." But what about the even greater "Fidelio," "Otello," and "Aida"? . . . Does Victor plan to issue a Toscanini version of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony?

W. GELLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Present plans provide for issue, in the "Treasury" sequence, of the "Götterdämmerung" and the old Beethoven No. 5; also a new No. 9 if it can be produced to the Maestro's satisfaction. A concert performance of the Ninth in March has been announced, and doubtless efforts will be made to record it at that time. The other operatic projects mentioned in the two letters above are still in the "pending decision" file.*

Encore for Kauffmann?

SIR: I greatly appreciate the RECORDINGS section of *The Saturday Review,* but in particular I want to commend "Drama on Records," by Stanley Kauffmann [*SRL* Dec. 29]. I hope this feature can be repeated as new recordings justify it. Perhaps it would also be possible to prepare an occasional feature on poetry records, too. . . .

JOSEPH J. IRWIN.

Albion, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Perhaps.*

"Emperor" In and Out

SIR: Could you tell me why Columbia has seen fit to replace their versions of the "Emperor" Concerto done by Serkin, Walter, and the Philharmonic (ML 4004) with ML 4373 as recorded by Serkin, Ormandy, and Philadelphia Orchestra; also why they dropped the first from the catalogue?

GEORGE E. EARLY.

Newton, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our recollection is that the earlier "Emperor" was not distinguished for quality; in fact, a rather deficient one from the days of Columbia's use of Liedekranz Hall in New York. Inasmuch as the second version also utilizes Serkin, one presumes that he was willing to have the first replaced.*

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